

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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JOHN LETCHER, GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

JOHN LETCHER, the Governor of Virginia, whose portrait we give in our paper this week, is a native of the State of which he is the Chief Magistrate. He was born at Lexington, Rockbridge county, March 29, 1813. His parents are still living. They are plain, respectable people, and pious members of the Methodist Church. He received his early education at the private schools of his native town, and afterwards attended Washington College at Lexington, though he did not graduate. From the time he was fifteen years of age he worked mornings, evenings and Saturdays with his father at the carpenter's trade. This was for relaxation from books, and physical exercise. It was his favorite mode of exercise, and at the age of twenty-one he had a remarkably vigorous frame and was a pretty fair mechanic. He could easily have made his living at the carpenter's bench had not his superior intellect invited him to other pursuits.

In 1836 he commenced the study of law with the Hon. William Taylor, of Lexington. He obtained licence to practice in 1839. While engaged in his legal studies he took an active part in politics, both as a speaker and as a writer for the political press. He contributed frequently to the columns of the *Richmond Enquirer*, then conducted by the veteran journalist, Thomas Ritchie. He also wrote for the *Fenestral Democrat* and other papers. The depth of his political convictions and the ardor of his nature made him a zealous and active party man. His political creed was based upon the famous Resolutions of 1798, as expounded and carried out by the strict construction Democratic statesmen of the Old Dominion. In 1839 he established the *Valley Star*, which he edited until December, 1840. During the exciting Presidential canvas of 1840 the paper teemed with able and effective editorials. It wielded great influence with the party in the Valley of Virginia, and contributed materially in imparting that solid strength to the Democracy of the "Tenth Legion" which has ever since enabled it to bid defiance to any and all opposition. It was not alone in the columns of his journal that he fought in that memorable campaign.



GOVERNOR LETCHER, OF VIRGINIA.

He took the stump. He addressed the people at numerous mass meetings, and wherever he appeared he excited great enthusiasm.

This battle being over, Mr. Letcher resumed the practice of law, and for three years he would not suffer himself to be drawn into politics. But as another Presidential canvas approached his party zeal would not permit him to remain inactive. Early in the spring of 1844 he again assumed the editorial control of the *Valley Star*, and threw his whole soul into the contest. The spirit with which he labored may be understood from the following extract from an editorial which he published upon learning of the nomination of Polk and Dallas:

"We call upon our Democratic associates to rouse up to an energetic and firm discharge of their duty. There must be no lukewarmness—no keeping back—but all must come forward with a spirit and decision that will be satisfied with nothing short of success—the most brilliant success. Let all feel that they have great work to accomplish, and let them set about it at once and in earnest. Our principles are sound and our nominees are eminently worthy of our individual support.

"So far as we are individually concerned, we feel that we have a high duty to discharge towards our party and our country, and if God spares us life and health it shall be faithfully discharged. Neither our pen nor our tongue shall be idle in this contest. All the time that we can command from our professional engagements shall be devoted to the dissemination of our principles. * * * We therefore nail our flag, encircled with the names of Polk and Dallas, to the mast-head, and vow our determination to fight while there is a shot in the locker or a man left to tread the deck."

Mr. Letcher's exertions in this campaign not only equalled, but excelled his promises. The election over, he again vacated the editorial chair, and devoted himself to the law. In 1848 he served as Democratic Presidential Elector. In 1850 he was elected to the Convention which was called to revise the Constitution of Virginia. He took a leading part in the de-



SCENE AT THE CITY HALL PLACE PUMP, NEAR THE FIVE POINTS, DURING THE STOPPAGE OF THE CROTON WATER.—SEE PAGE 74.

liberations of that body. During the session of the Convention he acquired a high character as a debater and practical legislator. In 1851 he was elected to Congress, where by successive elections he served for eight years. In May, 1859, he was elected Governor of Virginia for four years. He was inaugurated at Richmond on the 1st of January, 1860.

As a debater Mr. Letcher ranked high in Congress. He speaks with great fluency and readiness. He is always clear in his statements. His sentences are short and terse. His style is plain and simple. It is adapted to the comprehension of everybody who hears him. He never attempts rhetorical display, though his language is duly measured and strictly correct. His prepared speeches are elegant and scholarly. Altogether, he possesses superior powers of oratory. When he spoke in the House he commanded marked attention. In controversy he is noted for frankness and candor towards his adversary. He seems petty quibbles, and never avails himself of anything little or trivial for the mere purpose of gaining an advantage in debate. In discussion he deals in facts and principles, and is willing to either stand or fall by them. His oratory is equally adapted to the bar, the legislative hall or the stump.

Mr. Letcher was chosen to succeed Governor Wise as Governor of Virginia, and was inaugurated in January of this year. His term expires on the 1st of January, 1863. His noble and constitutional conduct in the present juncture entitles him to the admiration of every lover of our glorious Union.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

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All communications, books for review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

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NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being in rapport with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, in all cases, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

Foreign News.

The news by the Europa is very unimportant. Gaeta still holds out, although the Sardinians had driven back a sordid the garrison made with great slaughter.

Count Flahant had been appointed Ambassador to London in place of Persigny, who was to receive an appointment near the Emperor. Much interest had been excited in Paris by the appearance of an Imperial decree granting certain concessions to the Legislative Assembly. They are more important than at first blush they appear:

"Desiring to afford to the great bodies of the State a more direct participation in the general policy of our Government, and a marked proof of our confidence, we decree that the Senate and the Corps Legislatif shall annually vote an address in reply to our speech at the opening of the Chambers. This address will be discussed in the presence of the Government Commissioners, who will give the necessary explanations on the interior and exterior policy of the empire. Regulatory measures will be taken in order to facilitate to the Corps Legislatif the expression of its opinions, and the publicity of its debates. During the session the Emperor will nominate Ministers without portfolios, in order to defend, conjointly with the Counsellors of State, the Government projects of law before the Chambers. The Ministry of the Emperor's household will be repressed, and its functions united with those of the Marshal of the Palace."

The King of the Belgians is seriously ill.

The King of Prussia is said to be dying.

Victor Emanuel has refused taking the title of King of Italy until proclaimed so by the Italian Parliament, which is to be immediately convoked.

From China we learn that the Allied forces of France and England are within eight miles of Peking.

Mr. Bouby, the Times correspondent; Mr. Lock, Secretary to Lord Elgin; Mr. Parkes, Messrs. De Noyan and Anderson, of Fane's Horse, and Captain Brabazon, have been made prisoners whilst engaged in choosing camping grounds. They have been taken to Peking, where they are well treated.

Engagements were fought on the 18th and 21st of September, at Chang-Kia-Waw and Jang Chan. On both occasions 30,000 Tartar cavalry advanced and were completely routed by the Allies. Two thousand Tartars were killed and fifty guns taken. The Allies had only eighteen wounded.

The Chinese have sent in a flag of truce, with the provisions for a treaty. Lord Elgin demands the release of the prisoners before negotiating.

The Emperor's brother has been appointed Chief Commissioner to make peace.

Paulin, the French Minister of Finance, had resigned, and Walewski appointed in his place.

CONGRESSIONAL MATTERS.

On the 11th the Senate debated the Treasury Loan bill, and the resolutions moved by Mr. Powell of Kentucky.

In the House the plea of Mr. Hawkins to be excused on the committee was

debated, but he was finally compelled to serve by a vote of 161 to 95. It also refused to excuse Mr. Boyce, of South Carolina, by a tie vote. Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, was also denied his application to be excused. On the 13th in the Senate the Treasury Loan bill was debated, and speeches were made by Hunter, Virginia, Anthony, Rhode Island, Hale, New Hampshire, Cameron, Pennsylvania, Fessenden, Maine, Seward, New York, Collamer, Vermont, and others. It was reduced to three millions and passed. Mr. Powell's resolutions were then taken up, and Mr. Wigfall made a very peculiar speech, which created so much merriment in the gallery that the chairman threatened to have it cleared if it occurred again.

In the House the various States were called upon for propositions relating to the present condition of the country, and the best means of averting the threatening calamity of disunion. Resolutions were submitted by Messrs. Thayer of Massachusetts, John Cochrane of New York, Adrian of New Jersey, Morris of Pennsylvania, Stewart of Maryland, Leake, Smith and Jenkins of Virginia; Cox, Hutchins, Sherman and Bingham of Ohio, Mallory and Stevenson of Kentucky, English, Kilgore, Holman and Davis of Indiana, McClelland of Illinois; Neill of Missouri, Hindman of Arkansas, and Larrabee of Wisconsin. The propositions were severally read and referred to the Union Committee. Mr. Bonham, of South Carolina, as he did not expect to remain long a member of Congress, asked to be excused from serving on the Military Committee. The request was complied with. A bill was reported from the Committee on Public Lands by Mr. Thayer, which creates the land district of Dacotah, and provides for the admission of a delegate in Congress from that Territory. It was referred to the Committee of the Whole, and after some other unimportant business the House adjourned.

Borrioboola Gha.

We have more than once had occasion to revert severely to the carelessness in execution of the details of the law of our principal cities, and the lack of interest manifested by our Reformers in very important matters, while smaller issues absorb their attention. Reduced to plain facts, there are very few persons who would deny that a very great proportion of our public and private calamities are actually the result of what has been characterized as a case of—Borrioboola Gha.

Very lately a young epileptic lunatic, a very dangerous one, and one whose frequently repeated acts of offence should have apparently have subjected him to close supervision in some comfortable public institution, committed, as is alleged, a most atrocious murder. It would require but a limited perusal of any paper ostensibly devoted to the furtherance of the good cause, to learn that a small proportion of the benevolence applied to strangers would very soon alleviate and provide for such home objects of charity. Here was something very like—Borrioboola Gha.

During the past week a poor sailor, who had been assaulted and was at the time suffering under a cruel wound in the head, was picked up and thrust into a cell (under suspicion of intoxication), where he died. The carelessness implied in this account is horrible. Our readers will bear witness that we have more than once insisted, and that with no little earnestness, that a physician should continually be in attendance at every station-house, to examine all prisoners brought in in a state of insensibility. Deaths in cells under the most dreadful agony are continually occurring for want of such care. A small proportion of the effort annually applied to suffering which is as nothing when compared to this, would soon stop these deaths. Another case of—Borrioboola Gha.

We may venture to rise above such instances, and then taking a calm cosmopolitan view of the troubles which now afflict our country, are impelled to the irresistible conclusion that if every county and every State in our Union had from the beginning simply attended to its own business, and done its utmost to relieve its own afflicted, and elevate its own sufferers, the discords which now rend us would not exist. If we had strictly attended to practical issues, and not delegated our whole business to professional politicians, who thrive by public suffering, we should be doing well enough. But we must needs become fearfully and sensationally interested in matters of secondary importance, and—in short, we are suffering from a very agonizing and protracted case of—Borrioboola Gha.

Finally, we beg all our readers in this city and all in other cities, with regard to their own localities, to remember that winter is coming on, and that there will probably be more suffering among the poor than was ever before known. There are few localities at present where there is likely to be much poverty where there are not societies or individuals able to relieve the poor and deserving judiciously, and these Samaritans should be aided to the utmost. Reader, this is no hackneyed appeal—it is issued in the face of great coming misery, and of a knowledge of many terrible facts which are every day becoming more terrible. Suspend for the moment all exertion directed to merely extraneous objects, and devote your whole mind to charity at home. Had you been doing this years ago it would have been better for you. For this winter remember your own poor neighbors and forget—Borrioboola Gha.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

The Brutal Indifference which wealthy companies show towards those who unfortunately have claims upon them, more especially of an unpleasant nature, has long been a great reproach to the age. We have had recently a case brought to our notice, in which the Consolidated Stage Company are acting more like fiends than human beings. It appears that in October, 1855, Mr. Andrew Stevens was so seriously injured by the carelessness of one of the drivers of that company that he has been an invalid ever since, and quite unable to pursue his usual avocation. Unable to get any redress by a temperate appeal to their sense of justice, he was compelled to call upon the law to right him; but their wealth has enabled them to set him at defiance, and after more than two years he finds himself as far off as ever from obtaining any compensation for his injuries. If there is one thing more calculated than any to bring discredit upon that able, and, generally speaking, honorable body of men, the legal profession, it is lending their talents to such cruel proceedings as those which have been adopted by the Consolidated Stage Company towards Mr. Stevens. We trust that some of the honest shareholders will take the matter up, and compel the directors to act with some degree of decency.

We had last week a practical proof of how sensitive luxury makes us; for a couple of days we were deprived of our Croton, and all New York went about like Rachel, refusing to be comforted! The Croton pipe was out of joint, and even the temperance men were obliged to make their tea with that apparent resemblance to their favorite liquid—whiskey. We had also a pleasant exemplification of how dependent upon water science makes us; since last week the steam engines refused to move a piston till they had their "staff of life," and the result was that we had to import a far inferior and drier water from Brooklyn to satisfy the craving demands of our thirsty boilers. Truly Pindar was right when he said, "Water is the first of elements." Apropos, it is somewhat remarkable that the opening word of the first Olympiad invents the steam engine—*Apollon*. James Watt has strutted in borrowed plumage too long—let him now resign them to the great Bard of Horse Jockeys.

Our Disposition to overdo everything is a great drawback. It is the natural effect of our inexperience. We have not yet settled down into a moderate life. The *admiral* is the balance wheel of the world. Directly a man admires he loses his self-respect. Judging from a letter dated Kanawaga, September

3, our reception of the Japanese officials was a diplomatic blunder. We quote *verbatim* from a letter written upon the interview our Consul Harris had with the Emperor of Japan:

"There was one feature of this audience worthy of note. Our Minister very properly alluded to the Embassy then in the States in a manner calculated to draw forth a response; but no, His Majesty deigned no allusion in reply, and at all times the Government maintained a marked reticence on this subject. What is this Embassy, made up of men bearing a low rank about equal with a New Jersey Governor, to the august Tycoon and the illustrious line of Kamis by birth and royal descent! The feeling is universal among Americans who have been in Japan the longest, and may be supposed to know something of the Japanese character, that Brother Jonathan, as usual, has overdone the matter. The Japanese, who love order and quiet in the first place, will be disgusted with the public show made of them, and being proud and arrogant as well, will consider the adulation bestowed upon them as so much tribute money paid to their great and powerful realm."

It is all very well for our Minister Ward to ride in a handbox to Peking, but an Armstrong gun is the only vocal instrument the Chinese or Japanese will listen to. We leave the *Tribune* and its correspondent to settle with New Jersey for comparing a No-Kami to a New Jersey Governor.

Gibbon says that a nation is lost when its statesmen quarrel openly for the national plunder. What would Gibbon say if he could read such papers as the *Tribune*, where official corruption is treated in this ingenuous manner:

"Furd, says the *Tribune*, has made only \$12,000 on the House Printing, at 40 per cent reduction, while the *Times* Editor puts his profits in six months or so at \$74,000, and Bowman's in the Senate at \$40,000. One report mentions the purchase of Wendell's printing office at an expense of \$130,000."

The Great Evil of this country is the existence of journals which live by pandering to a diseased vanity. Scrub, in the play, who believed every woman lived upon his winking at them when he went for his master's beer, is but a faint type to the writer of this very precious paragraph:

"John Bull thus far bears up courageously under the bad news from this side. The week's late arrivals by the Europa in our columns to-day scarcely realize the anticipation that his commercial and financial system would be struck with paralysis the moment the effect of the American distemper came in contact with it. On the contrary the bulletin in the *Pink*, we are told, shows a handsome increase, and though money was very active, the old lady of Thread-needle street felt so comfortable that the rate of discount was reduced to 5½ per cent."

Poor little Graw, the poet, hoped that the sun would rise the day after his decease, and it probably did; but the idea that Europe was to have delirium tremens, paralysis, diphtheria, or a few venal penny-a-liners wrote in a state of plenum Bacchi, or whiskey and water, is funny enough for the *Bulldog* of Foin.

Jobbery all round is the order of the day. It is officially announced that the Postmaster-General has commenced the distribution of the new ruled one cent stamped envelope, and that their price is \$1 50 per hundred. Only half a cent a piece for the blank envelope! And as a consolation we have this impudent announcement: "The cheap edition of this envelope intended for general circulation will not be ready for several weeks!" Now, is not the Post Office intended for the general circulation?

PERSONAL.

MADAME DUBREANT, alias George Sand, is very ill.

GARIBOLDI's income, as a farmer, is about three hundred dollars a year—not enough to find an American in rum and tobacco.

MR. HOPE SCOTT, the last of the Abbotsford family, is about to marry the eldest daughter of the Duke of Norfolk. His first wife was Miss Lockhart, granddaughter to Sir Walter Scott.

MR. HUDSON, the Shakespeare lecturer, is about to give a series on the great poet, in New York, very shortly.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI has advertised his places in Rome for sale. This looks like the well-bred dog who prepared to leave when he was about being kicked out.

It is beginning now to be the fashion to treat popular authors before they are dead. At the St. Nicholas Society, lately, the health of "The Dutch Republic" and its Yankee Chronicle, was drunk with great applause. Mr. Motley well deserves the compliment.

PROFESSOR MASON, of London, the editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, has won the chest prize—a splendid silver cup, as the best shot in the London Scottish Volunteer Rifles.

SPRAGG, with Patti, is at New Orleans, where the company will give concerts in costume.

GAZZANIGA is in Lisbon.

THALBERG is in Vienna, but doing nothing professional.

VERVALDI is making the tour of France, Holland and Belgium.

CLARA NOVELLO has taken her farewell of public life in a concert at St. James's Hall, London.

MR. BACHMAN, whose bird's-eye view of Hoboken we noticed in our last paper, has nearly completed a large and splendid view of the City of New York, from the Narrows. It gives as perfect an idea of our Empire City as though the spectator were in a balloon. The minute detail and general effect are really wonderful. We understand that it is Mr. Bachman's intention to daguerreotype several of our great cities in a similar manner.

On Wednesday last, the 12th inst., at Bridgeport, Conn., William Herral, Esq., son of the late Hon. H. K. Herral, of Conn., and nephew of the Hon. W. Wright, U. S. Senator of New Jersey, was married to Miss Jennie A. Wells, daughter of George Wells, Esq. The marriage ceremony was celebrated by the Rev. Mr. Brancroft, at the house of the bride's father at Bridgeport, and was attended by nearly three hundred of the first citizens of the place, including a great number of beautiful young ladies, the former companions of the charming young bride. The light of day was entirely excluded from every room in the house, and gas—recently introduced in that section of the country—was substituted. The flashing lights, the gay dresses and the animated faces of the happy guests made up a scene of exceeding brilliancy not soon to be forgotten. The marriage ceremony took place at 12 A. M., immediately after which dancing commenced and was kept up with great spirit until the time approached when the happy couple were to take their departure for the South, where they purpose to spend their honeymoon.

A splendid *dejeuner à la fourchette*, prepared by William Hall, was partaken of and duly appreciated by the guests; and a rare spirit of harmony and happiness prevailed. The numerous friends of the bride, not content with bidding her good-bye at her residence, in towed her to the depot, determined to have the last look, the last kiss, and the last grasp of the hand. So the bride and bridegroom left amid regretful adieus, but cheered by fervent wishes for their continued happiness and prosperity through the voyage of life which had so auspiciously commenced that day. To all of which we say—amen.

WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE, the eminent composer, has been very unwell in Germany, but was convalescent by the last accounts.

The star of Edward Loder, one of the finest of English composers, is in the ascendant. His opera of "The Night Dancers" is quite the rage of the season.

TUESDAY evening witnessed the reunion of a number of lovers of art at the old Dusseldorf Gallery, No. 548 Broadway, where a number of exquisite works of American art has been assembled. When we say that this collection embraces Page's "Moses on Mount Horeb," a five years' work and his greatest; Akers' "Dead Pearl Diver;" Colonel Thorpe's "Nigra as it is;" Bartee's "Fisher Girl;" and Rosier's three great paintings of "Miriam," "Noah," and "Jeremiah," we have said enough to show that not only critics and connoisseurs, but also the public will find this one of the most attractive exhibitions ever opened in New York.

LITERATURE.

TICKNOR & FIELDS have issued, in very admirable style, a most interesting book called *The Heroes of Europe*, from A. D. 700 to A. D. 1700, by Henry G. Hewlett. The idea of the book was evidently suggested by a line from Emerson's *Essays on Self-Reliance*, "All history resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons." In carrying out that remark Mr. Hewlett has selected the leading spirits, the representative men, the mainstays of the great results of the times in which they lived, and has sketched them with a graphic and forcible pen. The book is finely illustrated.

Tom Brown at Oxford, one of the most charming and natural stories of the day, which TICKNOR & FIELDS are publishing in monthly parts, has reached the end of the first volume, and can now be had in collected form. It is a sequel to "School Days at Rugby," which met with a remarkable and well-deserved success, and promises to be as vividly life like and fully as popular.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S beautiful blue and gold edition of the collected *Poems of General George P. Morris* has proved one of the most remarkable literary successes of the age. It has been issued barely three months, and sixteen editions have already been sold out. The seventeenth edition is now ready, and like the others will

most probably be speedily exhausted. For a Christmas and New Year's present there is no volume more elegant and appropriate.

RUDY & CARLETON have just published another charming novel by Ruffin, the author of "Doctor Antonio," one of the most natural and deeply interesting works of fiction of the present day. It is called *Lavinia*. The scene is laid chiefly in Rome, the hero being a young Italian artist, and the heroine a beautiful English girl. The plot is ingeniously contrived, and the interest is sustained with rare tact until the concluding chapter. It is not only replete with deep human interest, but its views of art, which are incidental and never obtruded, are thorough and valuable, and raise it high above the standard of the ordinary novel. Such works as *Lavinia* are of the very best class of light literature; they aim to elevate and amuse while they instruct, and may be placed with safety and advantage in the hands of every one. We ourselves look forward with pleasure to the appearance of a new work by Ruffin.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA—FOURTEENTH STREET.—The united artists (our readers will forgive the paradox suggested by "united" and "artists"); the combined artists, then, who have assumed the management of that ruinous concern, the Academy of Music, have met with fair success the past week. On Monday evening, the opera of "Stravella" was given, with Fabbri, Stigelli, Quinto and Formes. The house, in consequence of the inclemency of the weather, was rather poor, but the performance was highly satisfactory.

On Wednesday evening the opera of "La Fille du Regiment" was given, the same artists fulfilling the leading characters most excellently to a large and paying audience.

"Le Prohibe" is to be the next opera, and if the weather only holds good, we have no doubt but that fine opera will attract several crowded audiences. The public should give a cordial support to the present organization, for a very moderate patronage will insure us two or three months of very excellent operatic performances. Let the lovers of music turn out in their strength.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP performed "Lucrezia Borgia," in Philadelphia last Monday evening. The weather was wretched, but quite a large and enthusiastic audience attended to greet their popular favorite. She made a great hit, the Philadelphia press was unanimous in cordial praise of her performance, and but for the disorganization of the company, which has met with indifferent success, she would have had a brilliant though brief season, and a renewal of her old triumphs.

It is rumored that efforts have been made to Madame Bishop to sustain the leading characters in an English opera about to be organized for Niblo's Garden. If operas can be well produced, with Madame Bishop as leading artist, we believe that the enterprise would meet with great favor, and prove a success.

DRAMA.

Mr. Forrest as Macbeth.—Want of time prevented us in our last issue giving due consideration to Mr. Forrest's delineation of Macbeth. We desired, at once, to satisfy ourselves of the propriety or impropriety of the introduction into the tragedy by the great tragedian. On this latter subject we candidly confess that we are directly at issue with Mr. Forrest, and we are utterly at a loss to conceive why he should so needlessly and unwarrantably tamper with the master-text as he has done, in substituting Fates for the original witches. Not only does this alteration directly conflict with many portions of the text, but destroys, likewise, the weird character of the play. The appearance of the three grim and hideous witches on the blasted heath is not only in keeping with the old Scotch traditions, but lends a terror to the scene, wholly wanting, when, instead of them, are presented three pleasant-looking ladies, gotten up as if for a masquerade. We miss, indeed, the "choppy fingers and skinny lips," the boarded faces, gray locks and misshapen forms, clothed in withered and wild attire, and cannot consent to accept, instead, the three fair-faced ladies, gorgeous in garments of blue and white, and covered with elaborate signs. We are well aware that this is the idea of the great German critics concerning Shakespeare's witches; but by what right does Mr. Forrest elevate Schiller above the greatest poet the world ever heard of? Apart from this unfortunate innovation, "Macbeth" has been most satisfactorily produced, not, perhaps, with that lavish care that was bestowed upon it some years since at the Broadway Theatre, but still most creditably to all concerned. Touching Mr. Forrest's impersonation of the weak-minded Thane of Glamis, criticism is at a standstill—-in fact, it is, as regards every character represented by this great man. All the resources of a powerful intellect, guided by unerring study and nearly faultless judgment, have been brought to bear upon his conception and delineation of Macbeth. You read in his face, as in a glass, the workings of the weak mind and weaker heart in their vain struggle with the little good his soul contains; and when, the murder accomplished, the guilty Thane rushes from the awful sight, an impression is produced upon the audience such as no actor that ever lived, save Mr. Forrest, could evoke. Truly his Macbeth may be considered the very crowning triumph of art. Here is a part with which the actor can have no sympathy, a weak-minded, half-hearted, purposeless tyrant, and yet Mr. Forrest makes him stand before us a vivid and startling reality. From the first scene to the last a picture is presented of the most minute detail, broad, grand, sublime in its conception, yet presented with pre-Raphaelite minuteness. The tragedy is generally well acted; Mr. Conway making an excellent Macduff, and Mr. Fisher a good Banquo; while Mr. Pond, as Lady Macbeth, is entitled to the praise of being the very best representative of the part on the American stage.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—The greatest of all attractions is now starring at the American Museum, for Mr. Barnum is himself reciting the history of that renowned institution. Apart from the interest attaching to Mr. Barnum personally, his discourses is of the most amusing character—indeed, it is special of its kind and full of instruction. The opera of "Masaniello" is also given every evening with excellent effect. Barnum is not only the irrepressible, but the inimitable.

AVERSIONS.

ERASMUS, though a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish that the smell of it threw him into a fever. Ambrose Paré mentions a gentleman who never could see an eel without fainting. There was an account of another who would fall into convulsions at the sight of a carp. A lady of France always fainted on seeing boiled lobsters. There are many who faint from the smell of roses, though other flowers are agreeable.

Joseph Scaliger and Peter Abono never could drink milk. Cardan was particularly disgusted at the sight of eggs. Uladislaus, king of Poland, could not bear to see apples. If an apple was shown to Cheno, secretary to Francis I., he bled at the nose. A gentleman in the court of the Emperor Ferdinand would bleed at the nose on hearing the mewling of a cat, however great the distance might be from him. Henry III., of France, could never sit in a room with a cat. The Duke of Chomberg had the same aversion.

M. Vaugheim, a great huntsman in Hanover, would faint, or, if he had sufficient time, would run away at the sight of a roasted pig. John Rol, a gentleman in Alcantara, would swoon on hearing the word *lana*, wool, although his cloak was woollen. The philosophical Boyle could not conquer a strong aversion to the sound of water running through a pipe. La Motteville Vayer could not endure the sound of musical instruments, though he experienced a lively pleasure whenever it thundered.

The famous crystal throne which Shah Jehan counted amongst the most valuable of the splendid trophies which adorned his palace, has been sent to England in the *Saladin*. But little is known of its history prior to its having come into his possession. Subsequently, on the taking of Delhi by the Marathas, they made a great effort to destroy it by fire, but succeeded only in injuring its appearance, the seat to which it was subjected having caused it to crack and open out in seams. It consists of a single mass of rock crystal, two feet in height by four in diameter, and is shaped like a sofa cushion, with tassels at the corner.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Zouaves of Brigetown, N. J., have thrown the Zouaves of Chicago and New York into the shade. The Brigetown Zouaves have formed themselves into a company for the purpose of sawing and splitting wood for destitute families the ensuing winter. With wood-saw, a tride of horse, and axe in hand, they proceed to a wood, chop down and saw up a tree in an incredible short time, and make the heart of the widow and fatherless rejoice by flung the cellar with logs. We advise Mr. Parson to train his New York Zouaves in a like fashion. Such men as the Brigetown Zouaves are Christian soldiers, and are entitled to smoke their pipes, since they enable the poor widow to smoke her chimney.

One of the greatest and most beneficent inventions we have heard of is the brick and mortar elevator. It is intended to supercede the labors of hod-carriers, a class of men who are often worked to death in the hot sun. The machinery is this: An endless chain, formed of iron hooks, passes around two pulleys, one on the ground and the other on the top of the wall. The pulleys have spurs, which take into holes in the belt to prevent slipping, and the upper pulley is furnished with a crank for turning it. Hoopers are secured on the upper side of the belt for receiving the brick, and as the wall rises the belt is lengthened by the insertion of additional links, which are furnished with hooks, so that this may be readily done. We consider this a decided advance on the age, although we doubt not some stupid Paddy will consider it an invasion of his time-honored right of breaking his neck from the scaffold.

HOFFMAN, the murderer of Mrs. Shumaker and her child, has been pronounced insane by two medical men. We will therefore be confined in a lunatic asylum the remainder of his life, instead of being hanged.

The Burch divorce case has come to an end for the present by the jury finding a verdict for Mrs. Burch. Feldon has a man more completely absorbed in public contentment than this pious banker. When the verdict was announced the spectators expressed great approbation. Next to Burch the public indignation rests heaviest on the pastor, who played the part of Jungs-beer, and betrayed Mrs. Burch's confidential communications. Let us hope he gets his thirty pieces of silver. Miss Fannie Burch and the aunt to the pious banker are not remarkable for their nobility of character. Altogether the trial is not a cheering instance of domestic life.

The chief events of the past week have been the bursting of the Croton pipes and the appalling murder in Twelfth street. These we have described and illustrated in another part of our paper.

DIVORCES are so plentiful that it would appear as though marriage was becoming a fixed failure as well as a fact. Seventy-three now stand on the docket of the court in Middlesex county, Mass.

A SERVANT to Mr. Martin, Springfield, named Maria Masten, has been detected in stealing from her master's house in the evening, when a fire was in, and breaking the windows with large stones. She says she was tempted to this wholesale destruction of glass by the devil.

HAMEN FICO, of San Francisco, recently made a wager that he would ride one hundred and fifty miles in six hours and thirty minutes. He accomplished this remarkable feat with twenty-two minutes to spare. He used thirty-three horses.

THREE years ago a most valuable officer, named Sawyer, was killed in a low grocery near Carmine and Bleeker streets, while endeavoring to quell a disturbance. A man named Martin Connor was arrested at the time on suspicion, but the evidence being insufficient he was acquitted, although no reasonable doubt was entertained that he was the murderer. Last week this said Connor was arrested for brutally beating his wife, and died of delirium tremens while in the station-house awaiting his examination. The rum-house of New York have much to answer for. The poet's line to the Tower of London, "By many a foul and midnight murder led," well applies to the groceries of Gotham.

The police of New Orleans are very particular. A respectable young man, named Sherman, who had only just arrived in the Crescent city, was arrested the other day for asking his way to a certain hotel. It appears that he was speaking to a notorious thief. How strange they did not arrest the notorious thief!

MR. GRAHAM, a lively young painter, possibly an artist, went the other night to pass a social hour with a Mr. Jameson, of Forty-second street and second avenue. The painter grew so facetious at last, watching a jovial opportunity, he took his host's watch, chain and seals. When arrested for his comicality he declared it was his way of joking. The magistrate made him find bail for \$1,000, which he said was his way of joking. Jameson had better read the comic papers than invite their contributors.

PROFESSOR BLAKE is a showman in a small way of business, and keeps his amusements and "other animals," amphibious, cephalic and hydrocephalous, at No. 9 Chatham square. He has a file and drum to play "Jordan's hard Road to Travel," "Dixie's Land" and "Yankee Doodle." Now and then he pokes up the lion, who roars, and the bear, who growls. Now, Mr. Utter, editor of the *Seventh Day Star*, has an utter abomination of any noise but what he makes, and therefore had the poor showman arrested. The Mayor ordered the professor to seek a home elsewhere for his motherless bon constructs and fatherless amusements.

FOREIGN NEWS AND GOSSIP.

MR. JACOBSON, a wealthy Jew of London, has lately been trying to evade the toll near his country residence, and suffered in consequence, for instead of having to pay six cents, the legal rate, he was adjudged to pay thirty shillings, or equal to about seven dollars. His manner was very impudent, but as it proved highly unsuccessful. He had taken a wagon to be repaired, and had been to fetch it, bringing it at the toll of another carriage. When he got near the toll-gate he got down, unlatched the other vehicle, and then drove through the gate. He then returned, drew the mended wagon through himself, and having hitched it on drove off. For this he was sued, and had to pay. With true Hebrew cunning, he thought that as the Act of Parliament read, "For every vehicle drawn by a horse, ass, mule, &c., sixpence," he would escape. He evidently forgot that he was an ass for the toll, and therefore had to pay.

It is very seldom that golden weddings happen in royal circles, but there are now and then exceptions. The Prince of Hesse and the Princess Charlotte, aunt to the King of Denmark, have just celebrated their fiftieth wedding day. There was a very happy gathering at Copenhagen.

MULLINS, the presumed murderer of Mrs. Emley, was executed on the 15th at Newgate. It will be recollected that he falsely accused a man named Emms of the deed, and placed some of the stolen property in a brickfield near his house; but as old Emms says, murder will out, and Mullins was detected. He made a long rambling confession the night before his execution, in which he denied that he was the actual murderer, but at the same time he expressed his firm belief that Emms was innocent of the crime. This is tantamount to an acknowledgment that he committed it. Even this tardy act of justice to the poor man he had so infamously accused was only wrung out of him by the interference of the Catholic priest to whom he confessed, and of course to which faith he belonged.

The Road murder is still agitating the public mind of England from the Queen to the costermonger. This is a very praiseworthy feature in the British character. A murder is not with them as it is with us a nine days' wonder, but a problem to be solved, and with a few exceptions it is solved. Eliza Grimwood is an exception to the rule there—here the rule is the exception. There seems to be a settled conviction in the public mind that the poor child was murdered by the nurse, Eliza Gough, because he had told his mother that he had seen familiarities between Eliza and Mr. Kent, but this seems improbable, as the child was only four years old, and he likely to be struck with every thing that would strike an older child. There is no doubt the mystery is a great provocation to the public people. It was so cruel—so heartless—indeed, so unnatural a murder, that, whoever is the culprit, every one must pray for the discovery and severe punishment. As it rests now, there is a vague suspicion resting on the entire household, but which of them it remains to be discovered.

Our enterprising countryman, G. F. Train, is carrying on with his usual vigor the horse railroad in England. The Town Commissioners of Bokenhead have granted him permission to carry his railroad from Bokenhead to Palm Grove and Axton.

The Empress of Austria embarked at Antwerp on board the Queen of England's steam yacht the *Victoria* and Albert, and her suite on board the *Orbore*. They then steamed for Plymouth, where they were received with royal honors. They immediately steamed thence for Madeira, where the Empress will remain till April. It is said that she is waiting away.

The Paris and London journals report that negotiations, under the auspices of France and England, are actually progressing for the sale of Venice to Victor Emmanuel. Count Kamelet, Russian Minister, Thouvenel, French Minister, and the Austrian Ambassador, Metternich, have already had one or two meetings on the subject. England and France have offered to guarantee the amount to Austria.

The Empress Eugenie has received a kind of semi ovation from the Scotch. She has been waylaid by Provosts, who have inflicted short addresses upon her, most of them reminding her that she was a Kirkpatrick. Blood is certainly thicker than water, but with the Scots it is a disease. What can be more absurd than for the Irish to claim the Duke of Magenta as an Irishman, because his great great great grandfather had a Mac before his name? The Empress, however, has borne the caresses with exemplary patience. It is rumored that after her tour in Scotland she will meet her august lord and master, L. N., at Windsor Castle.

HIGHLAND HAYMAKING.—Rory More McKerrell was a bit of a wag, and altogether a screw in the charging department. He was landlord of the Argyle Hotel, Inverary, and once upon a time he was bickering with an Englishman in the lobby of the inn regarding the bill. The stranger said it was a gross imposition, he could live cheaper in the best hotel in London; to which Rory, with unwonted nonchalance, replied: "O, no, no, no, sir, use your own eyes. But do you ken the reason?"

"No, not a bit of it," said the stranger, hastily.

"Well, then," replied the host, "as ye seem to be a gay, sensible, contented, I'll tell ye. There's three hundred and sixty-five days in the London hotel-keeper's calendar; and we have only three months in ours. Do ye understand me now, friend? We must make hay in the Highlands when the sun shines, for it's worse when it don't."

MICROSCOPES FOR THE MILLION.

THERE is a man who sometimes stands in Leicester Square, London, who sells microscopes at a penny each. They are made of a common pill box, the bottom taken out and a piece of window glass substituted. A small eye-hole is bored in the lid, and therein is placed the lens, the whole apparatus being painted black. Upon looking through one of these microscopes, I was surprised to find hundreds of creatures apparently the size of earth worms, swimming about in all directions; yet on the object glass nothing could be seen but a speck of floor and water, conveyed there on the end of a lucifer match from a common inkstand, which was nearly full of this vivified paste.

Another microscope exhibited a single representative of the animal kingdom, showing his impatience of imprisonment by kicking vigorously. Though I must confess to a shudder, I could not help admiring the beauties of construction in this little monster, which if at liberty would have excited murderous feelings unfavorable to the prolongation of his existence. The sharp pointed mouth with which he works his diggings, his side claws wherewith to hold on while at work, and his little heart pulsating slowly but forcibly, and sending a stream of blood down the large vessel in the centre of his white and transparent body, could also be seen and wondered at.

When the stock of this sort of game runs out, a common carrot seed is substituted, which when looked at through a magnifier is marvellously like an animal having a thick body and numerous legs projecting from the sides, so like an animal that it has been mistaken by an enthusiastic philosopher for an animal created in or by a chemical mixture in conjunction with electricity.

I bought several of these microscopes, determined to find out how all this could be done for a penny. An eminent microscopist examined them, and found that the magnifying power was twenty diameters. The cost of the lens made of glass of such a power would be from three to four shillings. How then could the apparatus be made for a single penny?

A penknife revealed the mystery. The pillbox was cut in two, and then it appeared that the lens was made of Canada balsam, a transparent gum. The balsam had been heated and carefully dropped into the eye-hole of the pillbox. It then assumed the proper size, shape, transparency and polish of a very well ground glass lens. Our ingenious lens maker informed me that he had been reeling these microscopes for fifteen years, and he and his family conjointly made them. One child cut out the pillboxes, another the gap, another put them together, his wife painted them black and he made the lenses.

GARIBALDI AND VICTOR EMANUEL.

GARIBALDI is not only romantic in all his acts, but he makes even Kings romantic. The Turin papers relate a little incident, which is so very pleasant that we cannot forbear recording it. As it appears in the *Sardinian* official journal, there is no reason to doubt its truth.

When Garibaldi arrived at his island home, Caprera (so called for the number of its goats), he was surprised at the altered appearance of all things around him. His rude farm house, hardly better than a log hut, or a Dutch hill shanty, was converted into an elegant villa. Trees and shrubs had been planted, and the farm placed in excellent order. Fences had been repaired, and walls built. Indeed, had the wand of an enchanter been waved over it, the change could not have been more startling.

When he entered his home he was equally astonished. Every room was appropriately furnished, and in the chief apartment was an excellent portrait of the King, suspended to the wall, with this gratifying inscription under it: "From Victor Emmanuel to his friend Garibaldi." The Isle of Caprera, now of historical interest, is on the north-eastern coast of Sardinia, in the straits of Bonifacio, and is about eleven miles long, and two to three miles broad. It is somewhat shaped like the island on which the city of New York stands. It is very fertile.

Garibaldi, in his parting address, announced his intention of returning in March, to Italy, when he should want a million of men to complete the work he had commenced; but if diplomacy induces the Austrian Government to sell Venetia, there will be no occasion for his intended campaign.

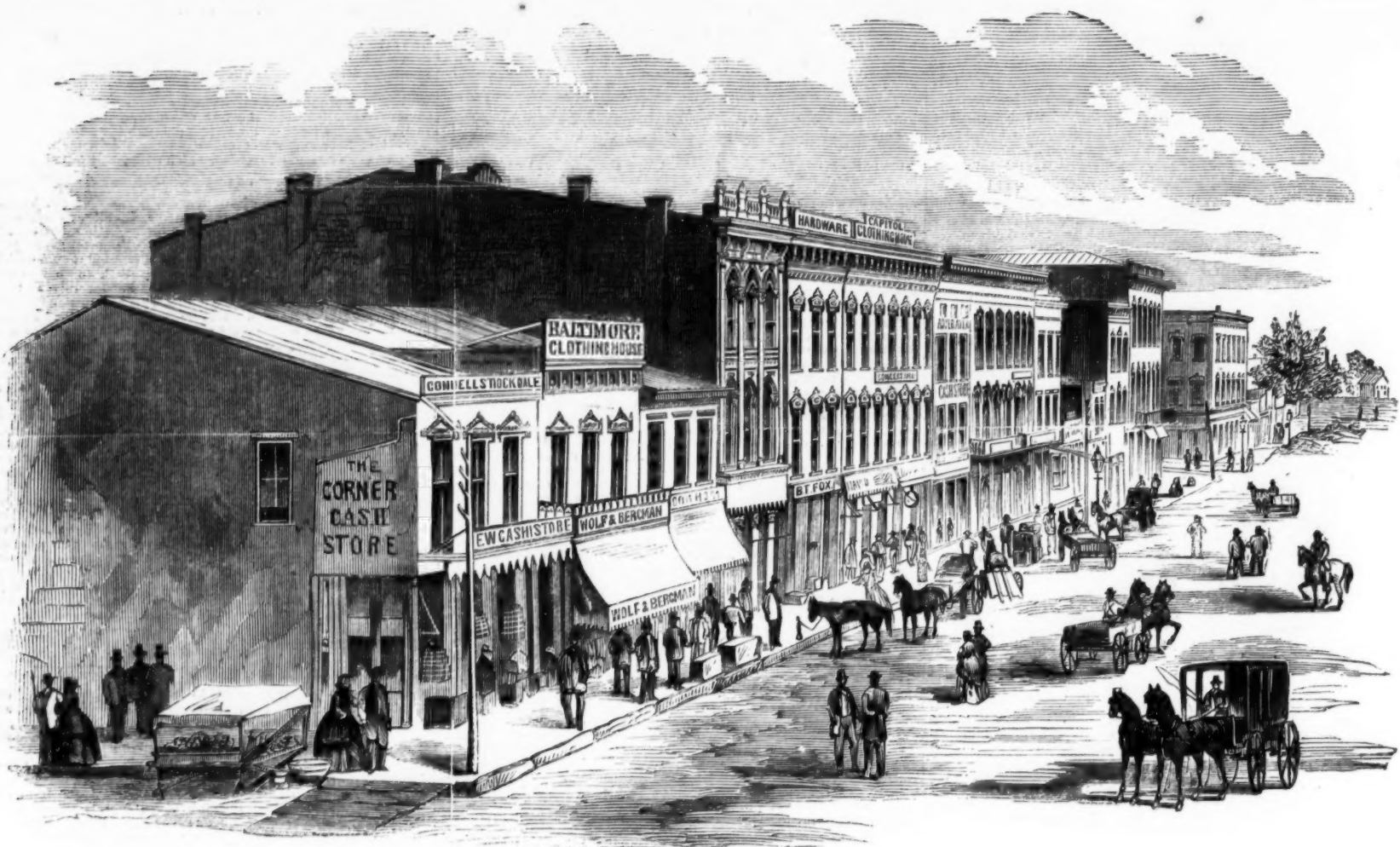
THE TWO MAPS.—I will relate an anecdote connected with this projected edifice (the residence of Hyderabad) that will satisfy you that the Princes of the East do not lose much of their valuable time in the study of geography. Major Kirkpatrick, the Resident at this country, wished to obtain a grant of two or three fields to erect a structure upon. He requested the engineer of the English force stationed at Hyderabad to make an exact survey of the spot, and when this was finished upon a large sheet he carried it to the Durbar, and showing it to the Nizam, requested he would give the English Government a grant of the ground. The Prince, after gravely examining the survey, said he was sorry he could not comply with the request. When the Resident was retiring, not a little disconcerted at the refusal of a favor which he deemed so trifling, Meer Allum (the Minister) said to him with a smile, "Do not be annoyed. You frightened the Nizam with the size of the plan you showed him. Your fields were almost as large as any of the maps of the kingdom he had yet seen. No wonder," said the Meer, laughing, "he did not like to make such acession. Make a survey upon a reduced scale, and the difficulty will vanish." The Resident could hardly believe this would be the case. But when, at his interview, he presented the same survey upon a small card, the ready and cheerful assent of the Prince satisfied him that the Meer had been quite correct in his guess at the cause of his former failure.

The conviction expressed by the Emperor of the French, of the re-establishment of the Empress after the departure of her mother, has proved correct. Her Majesty is regaining strength and spirits every day. The only trace of the immense grief she has experienced is visible in the loss of her hair, which it has been found necessary to cut, in order to save its length and color. Her Majesty will henceforward adopt the *coiffure* so much worn in Paris for the last few months, and called a *la chien*, from its resemblance to poodle curls, which come down over the eyes and high up over the ears. Although this *coiffure* has not taken with the aristocracy, the patronage of Her Majesty will, of course, give it distinction.

SHOCKING OCCURRENCE.—The trip of the Stourport volunteers to the Gloucester review was initiated by a shocking accident, which caused the death of a man named Felton. A small cannon on board the barge containing the volunteers was fired at the moment of starting. The vessel rocked a little as it was toggled off from the bank of the river, and this motion of the vessel raised the mouth of the gun in such a way that, instead of the hard wadding with which it was rammed being stopped by the side of the river, it unfortunately passed above where a large concourse of people were assembled. The charge caught a man named Felton, and took off the upper part of his head, bespattering his brains and blood over the horrified spectators of this unexpected disaster. Felton leaves a wife and two children.

A ROYAL ANECDOTE.—A certain royal lady is blest with one child of more wonderful seriousness and solidity of mind than all the other little princes and princesses put together. This action of the House of Brunswick once asked Prince Albert what was the meaning of the words Cherubim and Seraphim, which occur in the Holy Scriptures and the Service of the Church. The answer returned was, Cherubim is a Hebrew word signifying "K-looked at;" Seraphim is another word of the same language, signifying "Flame," from whence it is inferred that Cherubim are orders of celestial beings excelling in knowledge; the Seraphim are celestial likewise, excelling in Divine affection. The child replied, "I hope that when I die, sire, I shall be one of the Seraphim, for I had rather love God than know all things."

A GENTLEMAN in Paris is stated to have discovered a method not only of producing gold, but a metal even more valuable than that precious substance. A committee has been appointed by the Academy, and another by the Government, to ascertain whether the inventor is a savant or a lunatic.



VIEW IN STATE SQUARE, NORTH SIDE, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY P. BUTLER, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

THE CITY OF SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

This rising and prosperous city is naturally the centre of the greatest agricultural country in the world, and year after year the earth is pouring into the lap of the farmer its rich and abundant treasures, and from the force of present circumstances, the great political interests, not only of the State but of the Union, now concentrate here, and give it a position of extraordinary importance. The climate is singularly healthful, and the location very beautiful.

The city of Springfield was originally called "Calhoun." The first "plat" of the city was recorded under that name in 1823, and it received its present name on further additions being recorded in December, 1825. Its first organization as a town took place on the 2d of April, 1832, and this event seemed to give a concentration to business thought, for the town grew rapidly in size, population and commercial activity.

On the 20th of April, 1840, the inhabitants adopted a charter, granted by the Legislature, and Springfield became a city. In 1850 the number of inhabitants numbered five thousand one hundred and six; at the present moment, it numbers between ten

and twelve thousand, so that Springfield has doubled its population in the term of ten years.

Its first settlement was some time previous to 1820 (the exact date not known), by a family of the name of Kelly, which settled in what is now the west part of the city. They were the first white inhabitants that disturbed the Indian in his peaceful possession. The first house was built by John Kelly, and was situated on the same spot where now stands the old frame dwelling, known as the Garret House. Another one of the Kellys built close to the spot where now stands the residence of Mrs. Trotter, and the third reared his humble cabin close to, if not upon, the identical place where Archer G. Herndon, Esq., now resides. The second family, if we are correctly informed, came here in the spring of 1820, and settled in that part of the city known by the old inhabitants as Newsomville, situated a little south and east of Hutchinson's Burying Ground. Their names were Duggett. No other settlements were made in, or immediately around, what is now Springfield, until the spring of 1821, when several families were added to the infant colony.

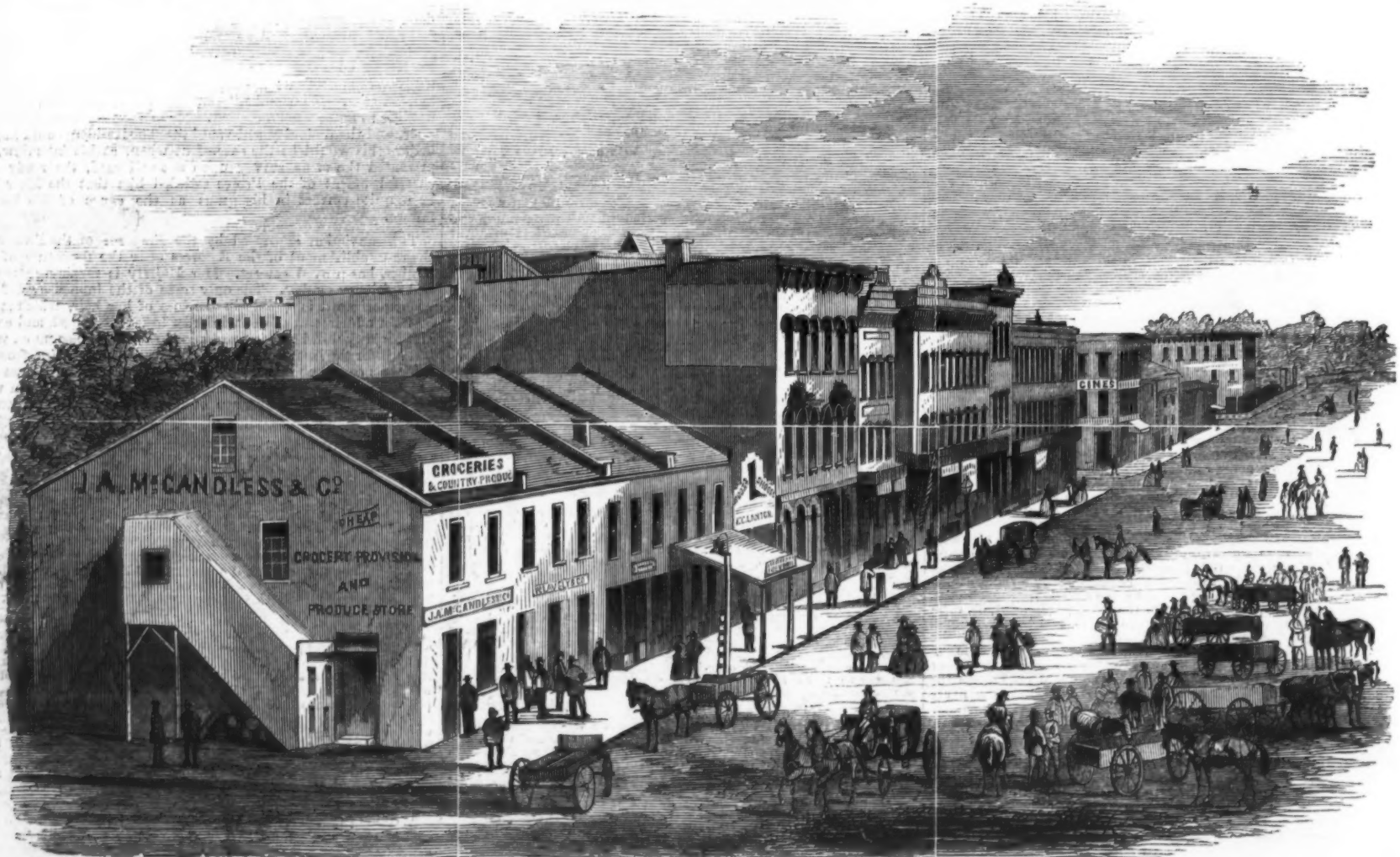
All the original houses were simply log cabins, and years went by before such a thing was known as a frame house. The

first brick house built still stands. It was built by John Taylor as a store-house. It is the little brick situated at the south side of Jefferson street, a little west of the residence of William Carpenter, Esq.

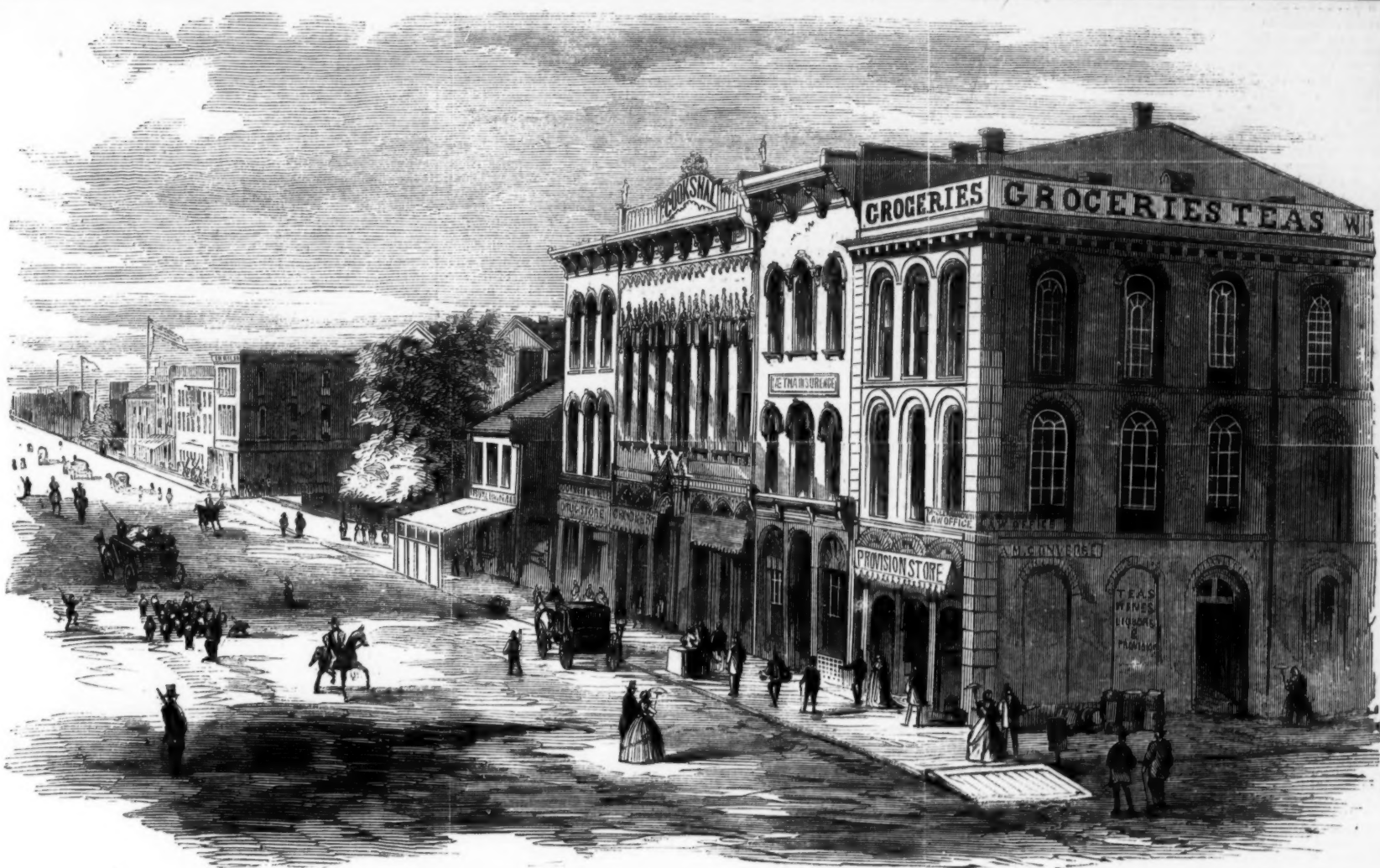
Springfield originally consisted of a little cluster of log cabins, situated in the neighborhood of the gas works. It was a long time before the town made any progress in the direction where the principal part of the city now is.

It may seem strange that Springfield ever had a rival for the county seat; yet, nevertheless, she had a very formidable opponent—one that contested the matter with her most bravely—one who, for a long time, counted sure upon victory; but, alas, for that rival now!—there is nothing left but its name, and that name is Sangamon. If we are correctly informed, not a single house is left in Sangamon town to tell the sad history of its disappointed hopes—its desolation and decay.

The first tavern that Springfield could boast was kept by a person named Price. It was situated on the place where now stands the residence of Charles Lorsch. It was an old-fashioned, two-story log house. We sometimes hear the over-fastidious complaining of the present hotel accommodations. All such



VIEW IN STATE SQUARE, WEST SIDE, SPRINGFIELD, ILL. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY P. BUTLER, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.



VIEW IN STATE SQUARE, EAST SIDE, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY P. BUTLER, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

should have spent a week at Price's Tavern, and we predict that they would grumble never again.

The first tavern of any pretension was the old Indian Queen Hotel, built by a prominent citizen, A. G. Herndon. It was the same house subsequently enlarged and improved by Joel Johnson, and was burnt to the ground several years ago.

The first store for the sale of dry goods in Springfield was opened and kept by Elija Isles. It was situated upon the same ground now occupied by the residence of the well-known citizen, John Hay.

In 1837 the seat of Government for the State was removed from Vandalia to Springfield, and the first session of the Legislature here was in the winter of 1839 and 1840. The Senate held its session in the Old Methodist Church, and the House of Representatives met in the Second Presbyterian Church.

The city of Springfield, at the present day, presents a handsome appearance. The streets are well planned and wide, and straight; and the public square, called State Square, which we illustrate, in the middle of which is situated the State House, is a noble expanse and a great business centre. Springfield

contains many fine buildings—banks, churches, hotels, &c., all giving unquestionable evidence of commercial prosperity and substantial wealth. The completion of the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis Railroad was of great importance to Springfield, developing its resources and opening up to it the thousand beneficent influences which always follow the course of the great civilizing agent of the age—the railway. Other railways are contemplated and seem to be demanded by the rapidly increasing importance of Springfield, the capital of the great State of Illinois.

YARNS TO GREEN 'UNS.—"Sonny, where's your father?"

"Father's dead, sir."

"Have you got any mother?"

"Yes, I had one, but she got married to Joe Dankin, and don't be my mother any more, 'cause she says she's got enough to do to tend to his own young 'uns."

"Smart boy! here's a penny for you."

"That's ye, sir; it's the way I got my livin'."

"How?"

"Why, by tellin' big yarns to green 'uns like vos 'a' penny a pop."

ERLE GOWER;

OR, THE

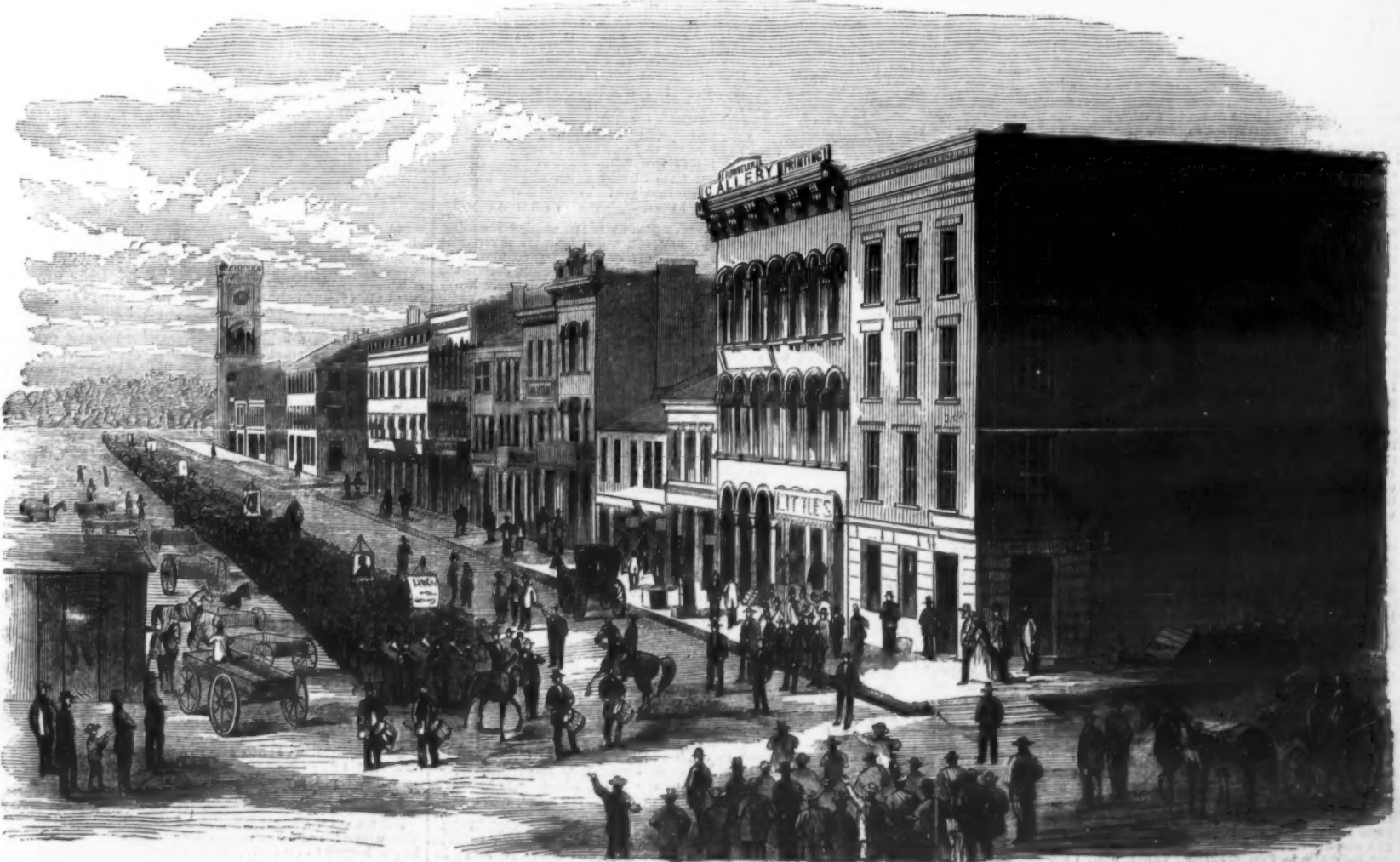
SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

"I AM no wiser," he replied. "It is true I have heard you speak of him at times, though always in an indefinite, obscure sort of a way, as though you knew not in what relation he stood to you." "I do not possess his confidence respecting his earlier history, nor my own origin," she rejoined, in a melancholy tone. "I have often wished to learn what friends I have in the great living, moving world beyond the forest, but when I have asked him, then he has always answered me emphatically, 'None!' But then, Cyril, he knew not you."



VIEW IN STATE SQUARE, SOUTH SIDE, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY P. BUTLER, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

"You never mentioned to him our meeting in the forest?" he said, gazing earnestly at her.

A rosy blush flushed her cheek. She knew not why; but she turned her clear, lustrous eyes fondly upon him and said:

"No, Cyril, you were my treasure kept within the secret recesses of my own heart. I wished no other tongue to breathe your name in my ear; no other eyes than mine to gaze upon you. I, in secret, rejoiced that I alone had the luxury of longing to meet you; of dwelling in rich, exulting happiness, on the felicity of those meetings when they were part. No, Cyril, I treasured you in my mind, my heart; but I did not reveal your existence to the only other being with whom I held communion."

"Dear Violet," he ejaculated, fondly; and then added, with a slightly perplexed air, "yet tell me, Violet, how came he to utter such harsh, unkind truths of me, if he knew not that we had met?"

"You remember yesterday how Tubal Kish rushed suddenly upon us from a thicket," she answered, quickly, "how he frightened me into a swoon, and that you bore me hither, while one, who seemed young and noble, like you, kept Tubal at bay?"

"I shall not lightly forget the occurrence, nor the brute who occasioned it," responded Cyril.

"On the appearance of the gamekeepers, who were in search of you, Tubal fled," she continued. "To-day he sought Ishmael, and he told him that he had seen me wandering with you through the secluded parts of the Chase, and that he had tried to separate us, but that he had been driven off. I have never seen Ishmael so fearfully convulsed or excited as when, having heard this, he taxed me with knowing you, and with secretly meeting you. In a very whirlwind of frenzy he questioned me, menaced me, terrified me, until he had extorted from me all my long-treasured secret, and then he lavished on you such bitter words; he spoke of you as one who designed to destroy me, and wished me to offer up, there, in his presence, a vow to the Almighty that I would never meet you more, in order that I might not live to curse you. He bewildered and frightened me; he declared you to be a cool, designing villain, whose love for me was a mockery, who regarded me as a toy to be trifled with for a moment, and then to be cast away, broken, shattered, destroyed. Oh, Cyril, those were cruel things to say of you, and I, at last, put my fingers in my ears, and fled from him, here—even here to summon you—that you might, as you have done, assure me that your heart was really as true and noble as it has always seemed to be."

Cyril, who had listened in silence and with deep, paired attention, now raised his eyes and gazed upon her young and lovely face, so trusting and confiding in its expression.

"I will be ever loyal to you, Violet, whatever the cost or the sacrifice be," he said, with emphatic earnestness, and then added, "I must see this Ishmael, of whom you speak, Violet. Where is he to be found?"

"Here!" cried a loud voice, at the entrance of the alcove.

Violet uttered a shriek, and clung to the arm of Cyril.

"Ishmael!" she ejaculated, in a tone of fright.

"Fear not," exclaimed Cyril, reassuringly. Taking her by the hand, he led her up to where the tall, dark figure threw its shadow on the floor of dead leaves. Confronting the intruder with a firm and dignified aspect, he said,

"I will speak with you."

"Violet," exclaimed the intruder, in a loud, harsh, stern voice, "fling away with scorn that hand which dishonors you by its touch, and return to me while yet my arms may open to receive you within them and shelter you."

"Ishmael, indeed you wrong Cyril," she murmured, in a trembling voice.

"Silence, and obey me," he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder.

"She shall not need to obey a behest uttered in terms so unjust and wickedly false," responded Cyril, releasing her hand. "I resign her to your charge, sir, because it is you, so she has told me, who has teased her, and that you have been kind to her, even though stern. But, man, remember too, that I resign her as spotless, as innocent, as pure as when you first beheld her an infant."

"And as free-hearted," bitterly rejoined Ishmael, for here stood the man who had introduced Eric Gower to Lord Kingswood.

Cyril started, but almost immediately replied,

"I think—I hope not."

Ishmael bent his brow and grated his teeth.

"Do you think, boy?" he cried, fiercely; "have you thought, when you with smooth words have won this simple maiden and won her heart, she could know the inestimable value of the prize she has surrendered, and for what? Bad as you have been, you have not thought, when, with more poisonous venom than a scorpion, you have stung her bright and fair, and charming to the eye, only that your sting might be the more deadly?"

"I fling you bare accusations in your teeth, man," returned Cyril, indignantly. "I met Violet in the woods long since, by accident, when we were yet boy and girl; our acquaintance is but of yesterday's making; our affection not merely of an hour's growth. For years, I tell you, have we associated, if in love, I swear by Heaven, in the purest innocence. I invoke the wrath of the Supreme Creator upon me and my future actions, if I ever conceived an idea in connection with Violet not founded in honor, nor breathed a sentence, a word, in her ear playing falsely with my real intentions. If I have won her heart, my hand, my love, my life shall be devoted to her."

"Bah!" cried Ishmael, contemptuously; "those words have been uttered before by members of your race, with what result? To drive to ruin, disgrace, misery, madness, those who most trusted them. Do you know who you are, boy? Listen! You are a Kingswood, though not the heir of your house; you move in a high sphere; pride, ambition and other such vices are already in agitation to hunt in the artificial hot houses of high and fashionable life for some exotic for you to wear through your wedding life. No lowly flower like my poor little wood-Violet here could rear its head among the haughty, the lordly and the heartless, in your sphere."

"But I tell you—" cried Cyril, excitedly.

"You tell me what?" interposed Ishmael. "That the hawk mates with the sparrow it pursues only to destroy. Hear me, and mark me. Your path and hers are widely different. They diverge in opposite directions. You cannot walk in hers, nor can she travel yours. Rather than it should be attempted, I will plunge my wood-knife to the hilt in her heart, sure that it would be her happiest fate to die ere she placed a step on your lifeless way. Nay, it is vain to epore my determination," he added, as Cyril passionately and vehemently protested against his assumptions. "I give you credit for not having wronged this poor creature by an evil act—I pay that testimony to your youth, because at your age youth is generous, unselfish and far more often noble than base. But it is also impulsive, it forns impracticable notions, and is lavish of rash promises. I have interposed not a second too soon—nay, far too late for her peacefulness, until a better knowledge of the world and time shall have banished your image from her mind. You part now and for ever; and bear in mind what I say now, with stern resolve to keep my word. If you hunt or seek for her, to renew your pleadings, at sure as living you stand there, you doom her to death by my hand. Hark! the dinner bell of Kingswood Hall rises on the air; the scents of dainties ascend to regale the nostrils of the titled and the wealthy. Go join the proud and lofty, and forget the humble flower you would have plucked that it might wither on your breast."

"Hear me—hear me—man, I entreat you to hear me!" cried Cyril, in a frenzied voice.

"No," he shouted, in a savage tone.

"Have mercy, Ishmael, if you love me," cried Violet, with a passionate burst of grief.

"I have mercy, poor fool," he answered, in a subdued tone. "It is because I love thee I act thus. Come."

Cyril dashed forward and caught her by the hand, but Ishmael tore it fiercely from him.

"Rash, mad boy, I have sworn to what I have promised," he cried. "Would you have me blot out her here before your eyes? Would you perjure the red blood-stain that clings like a brand on your accused race? Stand back. You have looked your last on each other."

He drew Violet away as he spoke, but she stretched her arms towards Cyril, and uttered a wild, piercing cry. She struggled for a moment to escape from the strong arms of the stern man who clasped her, but the convulsive character of her agony overpowered her, and she sunk insensible in the tight grasp of Ishmael.

Maddened by what he beheld, his eyes flashing fire, Cyril laid his clasp on Ishmael's shoulder, but at the same instant his hand was roughly removed, and his arms pinioned behind by some new comer.

"Hold him in firm security, Tubal, until I am well away," cried Ishmael, sharply, to the new comer; "hurt him not, as you fear my anger, but liberate him only when you hear my signal."

As he concluded, he moved rapidly away, bearing the almost lifeless form of the forest maiden as if she were an infant, and leaving Cyril struggling fiercely and furiously in the hands of Tubal Kish.

CHAPTER XII.

THE proud, high spirit with which Eric Gower had been endowed by nature was rendered morbidly sensitive by the singularly isolated position in which he had been placed. A glance of contempt, a word of scorn, an air of condescension, even expressions of compassion at his comparatively friendless condition, stung him far more acutely than they would have done if he had been surrounded by the usual social relations of life. There was not a vacation during the year at his school-home which, as soon as he began to think at all, was not passed in solitary ramblings, during which he brooded over his anomalous position. He had his boyish dreams of grandeur and greatness. In the bright summer time he would lay beneath the cool shadows of waving trees upon the crest of some wooded hill, and gaze wistfully upon the expanse of richly cultivated lands, stretching far away beneath him, and wonder whether he had descended from any of the lordly possessors of the fertile estates he then beheld. If so, why was he thus alone, and his origin unknown even to himself? Then he would speculate, and ask himself whether, if he were some poverty-stricken dependent upon the bounty of a secret friend, would it not be possible himself to found a house and become a great lord? The histories of eminent men, which already he had perused with eager earnestness, afforded him some brilliant examples; and he felt that, with expansion of intellect, accompanied by indomitable perseverance, energy and an unflinching attention to the object of his pursuit, that he might become as elevated in rank and as wealthy in possessions as the inheritors of many of the fair domains upon which his thoughtful eyes then rested. Such dreams, such fancies, such reasonings and speculations, attended by a constant sense of incertitude respecting his real status and his family connections, naturally made him more keenly alive to any observations, or to conduct which seemed to reflect upon his position. But, at the same time, it secured him on to secure and to maintain a position among his school-companions which compelled from them a consideration they might not otherwise have been disposed to grant. At all mainly games and athletic sports he excelled; indeed, it was not alone that he was animated by a desire to achieve superiority, but he was urged on to attain it by the severity of the discipline to which he was subjected. No other youth belonging to the establishment attempted it, and he would probably have broken down under its rigor but for his haughty spirit, which enabled him, almost without exception, to conquer physical exhaustion. The exercise of his intellect had been equally severe, and he was nominated captain of the school, over many of his seniors in age, with whom he competed for the honor.

His removal to Kingswood had rather quickened his sensitiveness respecting the mystery of his origin, and thus the insolent threat which Philip Avon uttered when both were in pursuit of Lady Maud galled him more fiercely for its manner than its matter, and from that moment he regarded him with a hate which, without being base or ignoble, was nevertheless a deadly character.

A gleam of triumphant joy illuminated his eyes when, having parted with Cyril Kingswood, he locked his door, and gazed upon the note sent to him by Philip Avon, and which he yet clutched in his burning fingers.

He believed that he was fully master of its contents, and he felt a species of force in the contemplation that he should, perhaps, have it in his power to yet more deeply mortify and humiliate Philip Avon than as yet he had done, by defeating him in a race for a life and by putting in execution the threat Philip had hurled at him.

He broke open the seal, and read the contents of the epistle, which were as follows:

"We have met in hate. My gorge rose at you when my eyes first fell upon you; our acquaintance, brief as it has been—yet too long—has sufficed to bring our antipathies into direct collision. You have crossed my path. You have thwarted me; and seizing an opportunity I have long most ardently hoped for; and you have subjected me to a foul indignity to which no Avon of Hawksbury has ever tamely submitted. I must have more than satisfaction. I must have full and ample revenge. I know not who you are or what you are; whether you are of good birth or a low-born, and, as you appear to be, an ill-bred fellow; I cannot now at present ascertain any satisfactory evidence on this point, and I must perforce content myself with the fact that you have been presented by Lord Kingswood to his guests, and placed by his wife on an equality with them; but that you are a poor dependent on his bounty I do not doubt by the scene which occurred at dinner yesterday. When you were ordered to quit the dining-room the Honorable Mr. Kingswood was unable for wishing to join you. I, however, waive this proof of the meanness of your condition in my desire to erase the stain with which my honor has been smudged by you. To merely lash you across the face with my riding-whip when I met you would not suffice to satisfy the insult I have received from you, nor the avenger I entertain towards you. I propose, therefore, to slay you or be slain by you; and although I do not believe that you are entitled to the consideration I am about to exhibit, still, as it will effectively settle the hostility between us, I prefer to adopt it. I request you to meet me this day week, at dawn—say at six o'clock—at that part of the Chase where the insolent words were uttered by you in reply to my request to give me a precedence which, by every right, was mine. I shall come alone; I shall expect to find you there alone—mark me—alone! I will bring the weapons, of which you can have your choice. I mention this, because you may not possess them, and your inquiries for such a loan may raise suspicions, satisfactory to you, perhaps, but which I, at least, am most anxious to avoid. I have named the day and hour of meeting, at the expiration of a lengthened interval, with the same object. Come, and alone, or be branded and lashed by me as an abject coward when and wherever I may fall across you. Your presence at the appointed spot is the only reply I need."

At first Eric laughed in contemptuous scorn at this insulting epistle, and flinging it on the ground, crumpled it with his heel. But presently he raised it up, and again perused it, crumpled and mutilated as it was, and as he read each coldly-calculated, deliberate insult, the most vindictive feelings took possession of him. Naturally impetuous, and possessed of feelings difficult to control, he had been ever ready to resort upon the contumacious, and to avenge an insult, but promptings of vengeance had never degenerated to gratuitous vengeance. Now he felt that Philip Avon's life was the only atonement he could exact for the numerous and gratuitous insults he had received from him. He was eager for the meeting, was irritated and vexed by the delay, and would have preferred that it should have taken place at once rather than so much time should be allowed to pass with the memory of every stinging observation eating its way into his soul.

As he had no alternative but to accept the terms of the challenge, he was compelled to put up with the bitter feelings it had created and would foster, but he consoled himself with the reflection that no day is so far distant that it cometh not at last.

He threw himself into a chair at the window, and gazed out upon the landscape, although his thoughts were far differently occupied. He noted not the decline of daylight, the rolling up of wreathing vapors eventually dispersed by the rising beams of the moon, or the exquisite scene presented to his eyes when the last white wreaths of mist had disappeared from the valleys. His mind was engaged in resolving that most vexing, trying, difficult of all problems, "What is love?"

Philip Avon, he had been told, was in love with Lady Maud. What did that really and actually mean? What was the true definition of this assertion? Did it mean that Philip Avon liked Lady Maud better than any other of her sex that he had seen? If so, so did he. Did it mean that Philip Avon thought her more beautiful in face, more delicate in form, more graceful in mien and motion than any other young and gentle lady he had beheld?—so did he. Would Philip Avon aid all that lay in his power to insure her happiness?—would he not? Would Philip maintain her beauty and purity against the whole world? Would he live only for her? Would he die for her? Did that mean love? Eric proudly felt that no one suggestion equalled his own emotions on these points. There was nothing he could imagine that Philip Avon would do or dare for Lady Maud he would not surpass thrice ten thousand times, if it were possible. Yet did he love her?

How violently his breast throbed as he put this question to himself! How bitterly his heart ached as he answered himself by saying, that if the strongest liking, if the most intense yearning to render devoted homage, and to tender service of any kind, however dangerous and difficult, was to love her, then he loved her with a

truer, more earnest, enduring and passionate devotion than could Philip Avon.

Their acquaintance had been only just formed, but in the interval which had taken place from the moment of their meeting until now sufficient events had been crowded to determine the point.

Yes, his heart ached as the conviction forced itself upon him that if Philip Avon's attachment to her was love, his own was love too, of a boundless nature. It ached because he associated love and marriage together. To win the love of Lady Maud was to win her hand. Philip Avon, the son of a wealthy baronet, the heir to a title and to vast estates, might, indeed, prefer a claim to win her hand if he could conquer her heart. But what if he enthralled her? How could he place her in that lofty, elevated position to which her beauty and her rank entitled her?

How? how? He clenched his hands and teeth as his humid eyes gazed out upon the broad lands, which, silver gray in the moonbeams, spread out far and wide, still and silent, as if he had in slumber. Was there no way by which he too could become master of woods and vales, of villages and tenantry, a towering castle and a proud title? Surely the path open to others to pursue would not be closed to him—especially as he would enter upon it steadfast, earnest, energetic, with unflinching resolution and unflinching perseverance.

Who could give him a clue, a track, a foot print to this path? It was all he asked, he would do the rest. Lord Kingswood, perhaps? Yes, he would not deny him this, he knew, for Eric felt that he was an unwelcome guest at Kingswood, and any proposition that would remove him thence would be welcome to his lordship.

A rather sharp and hurried knock at Eric's door interrupted his reverie, and it was repeated before he collected his scattered thoughts, and rose up to open it.

As he flung it wide, the pale moonbeams fell upon the pallid face of Lord Kingswood's valet, Pharissee, who exclaimed, in low but rapid accents,

"My lord is in a towering fury at the absence of Mr. Cyril. Will he please to attend his lordship on the instant?"

"Mr. Cyril Kingswood is not here," replied Eric, coldly.

"Not with you, sir?" said Pharissee, quickly.

"What do you mean, fellow?" replied Eric, indignantly; "have I not said so?"

"I—I—Mr. Cyril was in your apartment, sir, when I brought you a note from Mr. Philip Avon," persisted Pharissee.

"Is that a reason he should remain here until to-morrow?" rejoined Eric, sharply.

"Pray, sir, how long is it since he left you?" inquired Pharissee, anxiously.

"I cannot tell," returned Eric, impatiently. "It may be one, two, or three hours—I do not know what the hour is."

"It is approaching ten," replied Pharissee; and added, hastily,

"Of course you are not aware that a commotion has taken place in the dining-room?"

"Commotion?" repeated Eric. "No. What has happened?"

"You are aware that his lordship is hasty and irritable," rejoined Pharissee, in a sly tone. "The absence of Lady Maud at dinner vexed him, because, added to your absence, it excited a host of questions, fears being entertained that both might have sustained injuries unnoticed in the excitement of this morning's desperate affair. Then Mr. Philip Avon took umbrage at respectful words uttered respecting your act of gallantry, and had when the ladies retired, some warm words with two or three gentlemen, who spoke in high terms of you. Sir Walter deferred his own and soon the difference extended, until a scene of wrangling, such as I never beheld at his lordship's table, took place, and was terribly heightened by Mr. Philip Avon, who had been drinking deeply, suddenly breaking out into the ravings of a lunatic, and eventually falling down in a fit. He has just been sent home in his father's carriage, which Sir Walter, in a fit of exasperation, had already ordered, and they have departed. It was then discovered by Lady Kingswood that Mr. Cyril had not appeared at dinner nor during the evening, and the result of her ladyship's inquiries, and those of Lord Kingswood, is, that Mr. Cyril was last seen in your company."

"Youself being the informant?" observed Eric.

Pharissee bowed.

"Go acquaint Lord and Lady Kingswood that their son quitted me immediately you departed from the room," rejoined Eric.

"As you know what the hour was, you can enlighten them. I have not since been visited by Mr. Cyril."

Pharissee, in the dim light which the moon spread over the apartment, was unable to observe the expression of Eric's countenance, and he could gather nothing satisfactory from his cold, stern tone. He rather doubted Eric's statement, but there was a peculiarly commanding, haughty manner with the youth which, in spite of himself, compelled him to treat him with a respect and deference. He therefore reluctantly, and with lingering step, retired.

It alone, it is probable that Eric would have pursued his former train of thoughts, but his eye caught sight of lamps, and one or two blazing torches dancing and gleaming along the wind-swept pathways of the extensive and beautiful walled garden grounds. Then he heard a huge sound, and voices cried "hurry!" hastily.

Then he saw dark figures tramping with hurried steps over the park, and spreading in all directions.

Then he remembered the strangely mournful notes of the horn sounding in the direction of the Chase, the sudden and visible embarrassment of Cyril, who had hastily and perhaps unintentionally ejaculated, "The Wonder of Kingswood Chase." Further, there flashed through his brain the face and form of Tubal Kish, together with his deadly designs on Cyril.

It was but the work of a moment to seize cap and gun, to hurry to the corridor, key in hand, and unlock the door which communicated with the staircase leading to the outlet to the world.

He descended in pitchy darkness till he could descend no further, and then, with difficulty and great exertion, he pursued his path, until he reached the rusted iron grating, opened it, and crept stealthily up among the thicket and undergrowth, and stepped out as before, into the open in Kingswood Chase.

It naturally occurred to him, that where he had before encountered Tubal Kish, in a struggle with Cyril, he might if he had met together there again, find some trace of him. He therefore made his way with a gliding step between the stems of the numerous trees around him, until he reached the spot where he had so opportunely appeared in Cyril's behalf. The spot where he beheld was thrown into deep shadow by the close network of boughs, branches, and twigs above, but out in the glades the moonbeams lay upon the motionless grass and made it appear like a carpet of frosted silver.

As he turned his gaze upon various parts of the open space, a stealthy though a heavy footstep caught his ear, pressing down dead leaves, and cracking and crashing dry twigs. The sound proceeded at no great distance from him, and he at once glided behind a tree, to watch the approach of this light prowler of the woods.

At some fifty feet from him, the footstep paused abruptly, and diverged from his direction into the open glade. He looked eagerly thither, and beheld a man emerge from the shadows of the trees, bearing on his shoulder a lifeless human body, which he, with an affection of carelessness, laid upon the cold sward. He placed his hand upon the heart, as if to ascertain whether it was yet beating, and then raised his head up and looked about him.

The moonbeams glittered whitely on a ghastly visage, and Eric instantly perceived that it was the scowling face of Tubal Kish.

A cold perspiration seemed to ooze from every pore. A clammy dampness gathered on his forehead, and in a moment his limbs felt paralyzed.

Could it be the body of Cyril Kingswood that lay motionless at the feet of this ruffian?

While yet under the influence of this horrid thought, he heard the fellow say, in a coarse, gruff voice,

"Shouldn't tempt I, then. Didn't thee hear 'em say don't hurt 'em, but let 'em go soon as I signal? Well, why didn't 'ee keep quiet, then? What did 'ee fight and cuff I for? What did 'ee think my head w'ld bustle out? Oh, but 'ee was an unucky fellow, 'ee. You be down now, not I. Wheugh, 'ee be 'all d'ead, surely. Ah! Philip Avon 'ee promised to pay I well to kill 'ee right now. Old Ishmael 'ee be savage if I do, but 'ee'll be ugger'd 'ee and ugger'd 'ee for all, so I'll earn Philip Avon's gold. I'll cut 'ee throat, an' when I get the shiners, 'ee'll find I!"

As he concluded, he drew out of his coat-pocket the same desperate knife he had used in the morning, and opening it, knelt down by the side of the still senseless body.

That very instant a tremendous blow from the butt-end of a gun knocked him over.

But his skull was not made of an ordinary thickness; and though a thousand fires flashed in his eyes, and he was shaken for a moment, he yet leaped to his feet, and beheld standing before him a youth, armed with a gun, awaiting his attack.

The moon shone on the youth's face and rendered every feature

distinctly visible, the frowning, knit brows, the gleaming eye, and the compressed lip.

Tubal Kish stopped in the midst of his fury, and stood as if frozen into a statue of ice.

His teeth chattered, his blood curdled in his veins, and he growled out, "The Spectre of the Chase, Kingswood of Kingswood!"

Then, with a wild yell of horror, he turned and fled, as though pursued by the phantoms of a weird forest.

Erle, surprised at the man's conduct, so strangely different to what he had anticipated, suffered it to affect him but a moment. He instantly directed his attention to the body at his feet, and, throwing down his gun, he knelt by its side, and raising the head gently and tenderly, supported it upon his knee.

The white beams of the moon rendered yet more pallid the marble countenance. There was a gash upon the forehead from which blood yet slowly trickled, the eyes were closed, the lips were compressed, and the hue of death seemed settled upon the features, which, with a sinking heart, Erle recognised to be those of Cyril Kingswood.

CHAPTER XIII.

Years of security and comparative repose gradually impressed upon the belief of Lord Kingswood a notion that retribution was a fable.

Vulgar acts of larceny, felony, higher crimes, up to murder were, of course, subjected to certain discovery, and the offenders almost unexceptionally to be tracked, captured and punished by the law, and, as Lord Kingswood believed, very properly too. But there were social "errors"—he styled them weaknesses, slips, failures, foibles, any word that let down the deed easily—which neither called for, and in nearly all instances never was, followed by retribution.

It was true that it sometimes did occur that the foible in question entailed on its victim shame, misery, ruin, degradation, death; but those were rare and exceptional cases, and where they did happen the result was attributable to the obstinacy and folly of the creature sacrificed, and not to the immolator, who was, no doubt, prepared to act "liberally."

Such were the opinions of Lord Kingswood, converted gradually, by time and experience, among his "set" into a doctrine. He now began to conceive his doctrine to be founded on a sandy foundation, his opinions to be of an illusory nature.

Since the arrival of Erle Gowar at Kingswood, one mishap seemed

"To tread upon another's heel,
So fast they followed."

The embarrassing event of the morning had been followed by a violent altercation at his table—at his table, and among those, too, whose friendship he desired to consolidate, and whose influence he hoped to obtain.

This most vexing and annoying occurrence had been followed by the frantic ravings of Philip Avon, who launched forth yells of hatred, rage and defiance against his mysterious young guest, and the whole had been crowned by the unaccountable disappearance of his son Cyril.

If this was not the commencement of the first act of retribution, he was at a loss to what account to place it.

The dinner-party was broken up in confusion, and already, with a vague suspicion that something was wrong, several of the guests, in conjunction with servants summoned and instructed by them, spread themselves over the grounds in search of the absent youth.

Then it transpired that one of the under servants remembered seeing Mr. Cyril making across the park, in the direction of the wood, at an hour approaching the first dinner-bell.

The gamekeeper was at once sought out. He knew something of Mr. Cyril's haunts in the wood, and could lead a party in search of the missing young gentleman.

The gamekeeper, when communicated with, shook his head in a solemn kind of way so as to excite apprehension, and the distrust was not allayed when he called out his assistants and unchained the dogs, who were his companions when beating for poachers.

As soon as he had formed his party, they started, under his guidance, direct for the Chase, the hounds running on first in a zig zag course snuffing for scent.

The moon shone bright and placidly, and the party pushed on without meeting a living object or hearing a sound, save until they were far into the thickness of the Chase, then, abruptly, one of the dogs paused, and commenced running round and round a small circle.

Suddenly he stopped and set up a prolonged, wild, mournful howl, which made the marrow of those in pursuit almost freeze. The other dog joined him and gave the same terrible cry.

The gamekeeper's brow fell yet lower, and he ground his teeth together.

"They scent human blood," he muttered. And then he, in a yet lower tone, mumbled the name of Tubal Kish.

The dogs went on rapidly, when suddenly a bugle-note was heard in another direction. It was followed by the report of a gun, and then by a human voice calling loudly.

"That's Mr. Cyril's horn," cried the gamekeeper, excitedly; "I know the note. 'This way—this way,' he added, changing the route; "we're on the track now."

And so they were.

Through the wood wound its serpentine course a stream, bubbling and splashing against the pebbles it layed in its rapid progress. On one part of the banks of this running water they emerged.

A short distance above them they beheld, in the cold moonlight, two figures, one bending over and supporting the other.

In an instant they rushed up to them, and found them to be Erle and Cyril Kingswood.

Cyril had been restored to consciousness, but was yet deadly faint and weak. He gazed wildly around him, first on Erle's face, then on those who thronged eagerly about him.

A dozen questions were pressed upon Erle, but in firm and somewhat stern tones he bade the questioners reserve their inquiries for another occasion, and assist him in silence to lead or carry Cyril to the hall.

A litter was quickly cut and formed by the gamekeeper and his assistants, and the procession tramped back in silence to the hall.

On reaching it again, there were throngs of eager questioners, but Erle coldly repelled them. To Lady Kingswood, who made her appearance with a perturbed air, all he did he communicate that he found her son senseless under the attack of a ruffian in the wood, and had been able to save him from further outrage.

She pressed his hand with an air of gratefulness, and accompanied her son to his chamber, followed by the principal doctor of the district, who, being rather a leading man in the neighborhood, had been invited to dinner, and was then fortunately in the house.

Subsequently, as he expected, Erle was summoned by Lord Kingswood to his library.

He found him pacing fit in extreme agitation, haggard in face and almost frenzied in manner.

As Erle entered the room, his lordship immediately turned the key in the door, and, advancing to him, said, in a tone half-mothered by acrimony and rage,

"What is the meaning of this horrible confusion, this distracting disorder, this maddening disarrangement of my household. Speak! explain!"

The imperious as well as wrathful manner of Lord Kingswood stung the pride of Erle severely. He at once checked all the generous impulses which would have urged him to be as explicit as it was in his power to be, and he became as haughty as his lordship, and as cold as he appeared to be excited.

"Your lordship must seek the cause elsewhere, not of me," he replied, calmly.

"Not of you—not of you?" almost shrieked the inflamed noble.

"Until you darkened my tranquillity by your arrival everything around me was peace and order, as I could wish it to be. In my household the utmost regularity prevailed. At my receptions the dignity of my position was unimpugned, and the satisfaction of my guests unimpaired. You have been a resident in my mansion but a few days—I could count the hours upon my fingers—and its whole economy is utterly disordered. Your whole business, your entire occupation since you have taken up your abode here, seems to have been to disorganize every arrangement which can produce harmony of action, and to place me in a false position of uncomfortable inconvenience, perplexity and annoyance. I ask you again, sir, what is the cause of this?"

"I have, my lord, simply to deny the fact," returned Erle, coldly.

Lord Kingswood was convulsed with rage.

"What—what?" he cried, harshly. "You make your appearance in this house uninvited—a spirit of damnation could not have so appalled me as did your unexpected presence. You appear at my dinner-table an unbidden spectre. You make yourself the hero of

a mad freak of circumstances that I may be stung to death by questions concerning you. You thrust yourself into collision with one whom I am anxious to receive with distinction, and occasion a most undignified scene at my table. My son is suddenly and unaccountably missing immediately subsequent to an interview with you, and he is discovered in the centre of the Chase, brained, with you alone by his side. Do you deny this, boy? Can you add audaciously of falsehood to your other delinquencies?"

"My lord," returned Erle, still coldly, "that events such as you have described have happened, I do not question. I simply deny that it has been my occupation to occasion them. The accusation is unworthy of you, my lord."

"Unworthy!" cried Lord Kingswood, exasperated by the remark. "unworthy of me—of Lord Kingswood? This effrontery is beyond endurance. You shall not remain another hour beneath my roof."

He hurried to the bell, but before he could lay his hand upon it he was arrested by the loud, authoritative voice of Erle, who exclaimed,

"Stay, my lord—reflect before it is too late. Remember I came not hither designedly."

"No, no," cried his lordship, sharply and interrogatively. "How, then?"

"My time had come!" responded Erle, with emphatic firmness. Lord Kingswood staggered a step or two as he gazed into Erle's face, and then sunk into a seat and bowed his face in his hands.

Lord Kingswood began to have something more than a glimmer now that there exists retribution for a social sin, and though deferred or long delayed, it cometh surely at last.

There was a silence for a short time.

Erle stood with his arms folded, and watched his lordship's extreme agitation with questioning wonder. Presently he said, in clear, though low tones,

"It is for you, my lord, to say why I am here. At your request I have forborne asking questions of vital importance to me; at your wish I have consented to remain in this palatial prison unnoticed, and, as far as possible, unseen. I am yet willing to obey you in all things which shall not trench upon my self-respect or my honor. But as I have said, the time has come for my being here; so I warn you, my lord, that if you take any hasty step to fasten an indignity upon me—if I am not treated by your menials with an equal respect to that paid by them to the members of your family—the time will have come for me to extort—to wring from you, in the presence of Lady Kingswood, your son, the whole household, a truthful acknowledgment of those relations which make my presence here a duty on my part, and on yours an imperious necessity."

Lord Kingswood withdrew his hands from his haggard face, uprose and again paced the apartment with an agitated manner.

What could he do? He was fettered, bound hand and limb by that foible of his youth. Call upon him for an explanation of their true relation to each other before Lady Kingswood? Better bid him hang himself from one of the limbs of an ancient oak in the yet older Chase.

It was clear to him that Erle was master of the situation, and that, for the present, he must succumb. There was no help for him. He must wait upon Providence, and fall back upon the plan digested by himself and his valet Pharisee.

Erle still maintained his firm bearing, it was a gift of nature that he possessed, and although his position was a not unembarrassing one, he appeared quite collected. Again he volubly addressed his lordship,

"I owe to myself one explanation, my lord, and that is in reference to Mr. Cyril Kingswood."

Lord Kingswood paused abruptly in his agitated pacing. Mr. Cyril Kingswood, of his own will, uninfluenced by any word or intimation of mine, paid me a visit in the apartments your lordship has appropriated to my use. During that interview no word passed between us bearing reference to his future movements after he should quit me. He left, and your valet was the first person to acquaint me with an absence which was considered to be strange and a matter for foreboding. I confess, my lord, I was not without my misgivings, and, armed with a gun, I hurried to the Chase. After a time I discovered him senseless. I bore him to the banks of the rivulet which runs through the Chase, and by the aid of its cool waters restored him to animation. This is the only part I have played in an event which your lordship has unjustly accused me of having originated."

"For what purpose did Cyril visit the Chase, after having been a principal in the abominable adventure of this morning?" asked Lord Kingswood, abruptly.

"I do not know, my lord," replied Erle, promptly.

"But you—you had your misgivings—you hurried to the Chase, where, as no doubt you expected, you discovered him. What were those misgivings? what influenced you to proceed direct to the Chase?" rejoined Lord Kingswood, sharply.

"I decline to answer these questions," returned Erle, respectfully but firmly.

"Thus proving that you are connected with the event," rejoined Lord Kingswood, with a frowning, angry look.

"I repeat only so far as I have acquainted you with, my lord," rejoined Erle, unbending the interruption. "I had no other agency, directly or indirectly, in what has happened, and can afford you no other information than I have given you."

"With which, I suppose, I must perforce, be contented," exclaimed Lord Kingswood in sullen anger.

After a moment's pause, he said,

"You have received a communication from Mr. Philip Avon. Your intimacy with him must be of the slightest possible kind, your acquaintance of the briefest, and it appears to have been of a singularly hostile description from what I gather. May I ask the nature of that communication?"

The face of Erle became suffused with a crimson flush. An explanation must bring Lady Maud's name into unpleasant connection with Philip's and his own. He resolved to perish rather than be the occasion of the pain such a circumstance would naturally cause her.

"Your lordship," he said, this time a little emotion being perceptible in the tone of his voice, "is entitled, certainly, to put that question to me. But I have an equal right to decline to answer it. The contents of that communication are strictly private, and your lordship, no doubt, is possessed of principles too lofty to induce you to use another to violate a confidence reposed in a firm belief that it will not be betrayed."

At first Lord Kingswood was puzzled. What confidence could Philip Avon seek to reposit in one whom he had branded with the harshest epithets?

It flashed across his mind that the confidence might include a hostile meeting. Philip Avon was a dead shot. Philip Avon might effect his deliverance from the dreadful incubus which now pressed so awfully, possibly so fatally, upon him.

He resolved to pursue this question no further.

He abruptly dismissed Erle from his presence, not, however, without urging upon him the necessity of keeping to his own apartments as much as possible, and when he went abroad to select the most sequestered and unfrequented parts of the forest for his ramblings.

Erle coldly assented, and hurried away, glad to be released.

Lord Kingswood had been in the habit of making arrangements which had been attended with perfectly satisfactory results. He had, since Erle's arrival, made others which were not to prove so complaisant.

It is certain that no such thought as the probability of an attachment springing up between Erle and Lady Maud crossed his mind. If he designed to keep them apart, it was that he was influenced by the same motive which urged him to prevent the daily association of Erle with other members of the family. The unexpected was a secret he would have kept hidden from the whole world, even from himself, if he could. He, therefore, would indeed, have looked aghast if he had suddenly found that his arrangements for Erle's seclusion were such as to afford him and Lady Maud frequent opportunities of meeting alone and unobserved.

The events of the remarkable day, crowned by Cyril's return to Kingswood Hall wounded and in a state of semi-insensibility, put to rout all the guests who were there assembled, some to partake of Lord Kingswood's hospitality for a period extending over some ten days or a fortnight, and the following day the mansion was as silent and gloomy as though the whole family had been thrown into mourning.

Cyril was confined to his bed, attended only by doctor and nurse, for he was delirious, and uttered incoherent ravings, which none could comprehend.

Lady Maud, too, still nervously excited by the fright she had undergone, did not make her appearance.

Lady Kingswood, suffering from an attack of hysteria, kept close within her boudoir, employed mostly in reading a few hasty lines

written in pencil, and thrust into her hand by the Marquis of Chillingham on parting with him the evening before.

Lord Kingswood buried himself in his study, a prey to anxieties. He sat the whole day through brooding over anticipations of a fearful kind, in conjuring up which he displayed a remarkable ingenuity; and Erle, as he had promised, studiously kept within his apartments.

Three or four days passed thus drearily and monotonously. Erle took his meals in his own room, and never went beyond the limits assigned to him, until he began to find his captivity insupportable. Then he thought of the key of the outlet to the Chase, and resolved to avail himself of it.

This remembrance brought with it a recollection of that small Gothic key he had found in his former bed chamber, and which appeared to fit the lock of a closet door in the dreary old apartment in which, on his arrival, he had been installed.

Then naturally arose a craving to know what was behind that door; this craving, increased by cogitations, grew into a yearning.

Within the last day or two, in confirmation of what Pharisee had previously intimated to him, Erle had learned from other servants who attended upon him, that the apartments he had occupied at first were haunted. Especially communicative upon this subject was a smart, pretty girl, born and brought up on the estate. She was now Lady Maud's own maid, and she paid a visit to Erle as the bearer of a message of inquiry from Lady Maud respecting his health, a message which he received with a flutter of the heart.

The words of the message were formal; they expressed a regret that circumstances had unfortunately prevented the family meeting as usual, or Lady Maud would have personally made inquiries after his health, which she hoped had not suffered in consequence of his arduous and exhausting exertions to effect her safety. The terms were courteous, the act one of good breeding kindly exercised, but it imparted to him a strange, thrilling felicity. He put many questions to the girl respecting Lady Maud, which she answered with hasty brevity, because she had, needle sly, a rather larger share of curiosity than herself is gifted with and as she knew, in common with the rest of the servants, that Erle had slept in the haunted wing, she wanted to know if he really had seen an actual, positive, right-down horrifying ghost.

He quietly enjoyed the expansion of her eyes, and the unequivocal shudder which convulsed her frame, as, urged by her curiosity into a freedom of speech not warranted by her station, she put the question to him, and he listened patiently to her garrulous relation of awful sights and sounds said to be seen and heard in that gloomy old quarter of the building. But he listened to her because she was Lady Maud's attendant, and because, unknowingly, she let fall observations which Erle fancied betrayed that Lady Maud had regarded him with interest even from the first hour of their meeting. When the girl had gone, bearing his reply, the conversation he had just held seemed to spur on the wish to explore what lay hidden behind that quaint old black oaken door, until it became a fascination.

He was quite alive to the questionable character of the proceeding, but he had discovered the key in a mysterious manner, and there was about the place itself, his own connection with it, as well as his own singular condition, so much that was strange, extraordinary and enigmatical, and he resolved to push his inquiries further.

He had an inward conviction that a revelation awaited him, and he burned to become master of it. He quieted all objections that presented themselves, and waited until the household should be plunged into slumber before he attempted to quit his apartments.

Scrupulously, before the hour of midnight, the whole of the domestics were in bed, and as far as their own wishes were concerned, fast asleep. Erle sat for some time after the sonorous bell in the clock tower chimed the hour of twelve, and when at length assured that no person in the buildings was even awake, he took up his lamp and proceeded to leave his chamber.

With a light step he traversed the corridors and passages conducting him to the oldest portion of the building, and ultimately he found himself in the antique apartment which contained the door of black oak he was so desirous of opening.

He never for a moment doubted that the key he had discovered would fit its lock, and on trying it he found that it did, but that, from long disuse, much exertion was required to shoot back the bolt.

It at last slowly yielded to his pressure, and ultimately flew back with a loud click.

At the same moment the door rapidly opened. There was a rustling, moaning sound, as of a strong blast of wind, a damp, bitterly cold, humid atmosphere blew chilly on his face, and instantly extinguished his lamp, leaving him in utter darkness.

To go back all the way to his chamber to renew his light he felt would be injudicious, yet to attempt to explore a place, wholly strange to him, in grim darkness, appeared absurd. Still, to return thus unsatisfied would only render him yet more restlessly curious than before.

He resolved to go on with his self-imposed task.

He was aware, by the rush of long pent-up air, that the door concealed a narrow passage which communicated with some other portion of the ancient erection, and stimulated by the romantic character of the position in which he had placed himself, and his own innate love for the marvellous, he determined to prosecute a search which, if attempted in the day, might be forbidden him.

A stouter heart than his might have paused ere he attempted to enter a recess like this, shrouded in impenetrable darkness, but he believed it to be his destiny to follow out the singular adventures presented to him, and he plunged boldly in, groping his way carefully, stepping with caution, in case he should meet with an abruptly descending staircase, and pausing only after pursuing a labyrinthine, narrow passage, because he was checked by a door.

He tried it; it was firm, and a feeling of vexation and disappointment stole over him. Was his research to end in this unsatisfactory manner?

With a despairing feeling he passed his hand down to find the lock, and was rewarded by discovering it, and was yet further overjoyed to find that his key opened it.

As in the former case, the door flew back with a sudden though noiseless violence. It revealed to him a large antique chamber, lighted through Gothic arched latticed windows by the moon.

His progress through a passage intensely dark endowed his youthful eyes with a new strength, and everything within this ancient chamber appeared to him vividly distinct.

He stepped within, and found himself in a somewhat spacious, antique library.

Numberless books appeared stacked within old black oaken cases; but though he approached them closely, he was unable, by the aid only of the cold blue light of the moonbeams, to decipher their titles on their backs. He could only perceive that they were large, quaint-looking old tomes, whose contents he longed to examine and pore over.

Suddenly the light of the moon was obscured by a passing cloud, and the room became so dark he could scarcely discern an object.

A low, wild moan caught his ear, and for an instant congealed every drop of blood in his veins.

Then his memory and better sense told him the sound was but the sigh of the wind predicating a coming storm.

With startling suddenness a burst of moonlight darted into the apartment, and fell upon a high, massive, antique chest, elaborately carved, and caused it to stand out before him in singularly bold relief. It was made of black oak, banded, and ornamented with steel studs.

He took a step toward it, and yet more instantaneously than before, the moonlight was withdrawn by a flying mass of cloud, and again a long, mournful moan rang through the room and thrilled all his nerves. It was the rising wind again; but it had a strange and ghastly sound, which for a moment subdued him, and he turned to find the outlet by which he entered.

He uttered a gasping cry of horror. At the further end of the apartment, yet not far from him, stood a female figure in white.

It bore the same form and had the same features as that mysterious portrait in the old bed chamber, known as that of the Lady Maud of olden times.

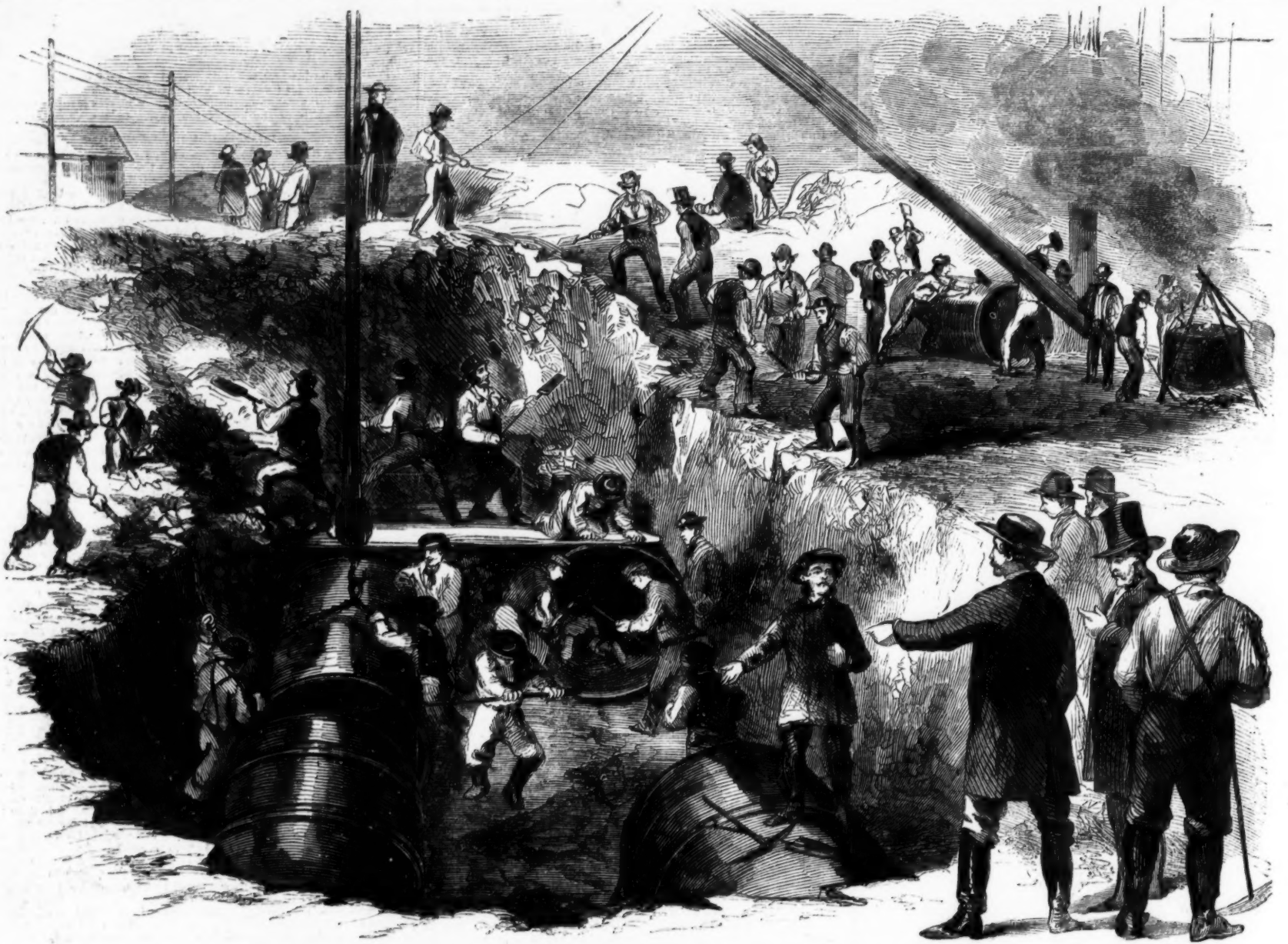
There was a mournful smile upon the features, and the figure stood with upraised hand, in a graceful attitude.

It seemed to beckon him; and in spite of his stifled heart, his chilled blood, his awe, his thrilling nerves, an irresistible fascination seemed to attract him and compel him to advance.

He moved his almost paralyzed limbs, intending to approach it, when once more it was snatched from his seeking, straining eyeballs by utter darkness.

A howling blast of wind rushed fiercely past the building. The tempest had commenced; he turned and fled.

(To be continued.)



REPAIRING THE BROKEN PIPES OF THE CROTON WATER MAIN IN FIFTH AVENUE, AT SIXTY-FIFTH STREET. SEE PAGE 71.

THE APPALLING MURDER IN TWELFTH STREET.

On Friday morning, the 7th December, one of the most daring murders ever chronicled was perpetrated at No. 22 Twelfth street, between Fifth avenue and University place. The hour at which it was committed, namely, about nine o'clock in the morning, when hundreds are passing on their way to business, is another startling proof that at no time and in no place is life safe in New York.

Mysterious and terrible as the Burdell murder was, there was the cover of night to give the assassin time to escape and opportunity to evade observation, but here we have a woman brutally murdered, after a protracted struggle, within a dozen feet of hundreds of passengers, and with a family living in the same house. The whole surroundings are well calculated to carry dismay into every household.

The public have, no doubt, noticed, as they walked along Twelfth street, between Fifth avenue and University place, a

wooden framed house, the ground floor of which was occupied by Mrs. Mary Shancks, who kept a millinery and fancy store. Behind this was the apartment in which she lived, and which served as parlor, bedroom and kitchen. Above these rooms was a floor rented to a respectable family.

On Friday, Mrs. Shancks opened the store as usual, about half-past seven, and having displayed her articles, she went into her back room to prepare for her breakfast, which a girl was to bring her that morning from Mrs. Davis, who keeps a boarding-



FRIGHTFUL MURDER OF MRS. SHANCKS IN TWELFTH STREET NEAR FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK. ON THE MORNING OF THE 7th OF DECEMBER.



THE LAST SCENE IN THE POPULAR AND SUCCESSFUL SPECTACLE OF 'THE SEVEN SISTERS,' NOW PERFORMING AT LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.—SEE PAGE 74

house in Eleventh street. This girl deposes, that at half-past eight she took the breakfast to Mrs. Shancks, who deposited it in her back room. The little girl then left. This is the last time Mrs. Shancks was seen alive.

At half-past ten o'clock she was found by Sarah Ferguson, a seamstress, laying in the same apartment, quite dead, although warm, and still bleeding. Her throat had been cut from ear to ear, her face fearfully cut, and her skull fractured. Around were the evidences of a violent struggle—her head was to the

stove and her feet in a slanting position, towards the bed and the door. Our artist, who visited the spot an hour after the discovery of the murder, has given a most graphic and faithful picture of the appalling scene.

Beside the unhappy woman were a carving knife, covered with her blood—a chair, the leg of which had been used as a club to beat her—a stone pitcher, which had been broken to pieces against her head—altogether, our artist declares that the scene was one of unexampled horror.

The disturbed condition of the room showed that every cupboard and drawer had been rifled, and consequently that plunder was the chief if not the sole object of the crime.

As usual, the suspicion fixed itself upon several, but more particularly upon one towards whom the unhappy woman, with death's prophetic instinct, entertained a peculiar antipathy. This was a young man, named Alfred Buchanan, who had done some carpenter's work for her and performed some errands.

On Sunday, the young carpenter, Alfred Buchanan, was ar



THE PRESENT LAW OFFICE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN THE PRESIDENT ELECT, IN FIFTH STREET, WEST SIDE OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 74.

rested at Susquehanna, on the Erie Railroad, and brought to New York. He had fled there on the Saturday evening, and attention was called to him by his bandaged hands, scratched face and agitation of manner. Upon arriving there he had inquired for a Mr. Springstein, with whose brother he had worked in New York. Mr. Springstein hospitably received him, but could not avoid connecting the murder with his guest. He therefore seized an opportunity, and went to Mr. Seymour, a Justice of the Peace, and made an affidavit of the facts. He was therefore arrested and brought to New York. He acknowledges knowing the murdered woman, but denies being the murderer. He accounts for his wounds by saying that he got them in a fight in Mercer street.

It is said that he is insane, having been confined as a lunatic at Blackwell's Island.

GRAND CLOSING TABLEAU OF THE ROMANTIC SPECTACLE, "THE SEVEN SISTERS," AT LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.

It is said that the last scene in "The Seven Sisters," at Miss Laura Keene's Theatre, cost the management the enormous sum of three thousand dollars. This may appear extravagant to those who have not witnessed the splendid effects produced; but we will guarantee that a visit to this theatre, and a glimpse even at the scene in question, will dispel all doubt on the subject. All New York and its environs will, as a matter of course, witness this really wonderful and artistic exhibition, and judge for themselves. But for the benefit of our country friends, who may not be fortunate enough to visit New York during the run of "The Seven Sisters," we have caused our artist to reproduce with his pencil this brilliant vision of fairyland, and we must say that he has admirably accomplished his work. In the distance are seen the sylph-like forms moving as it were through mid air, and surrounded by rosy clouds; nearer the waters of a fairy lake glisten in the fairy-like atmosphere, while over its calm surface floats the queen of the realm, radiant in glittering garments and crowned with choicest shells. Over all this hang the fairy ferns, their leaves quivering as at the touch of a whispering zephyr, and every fibre apparently instinct with life; and, as a crowning wonder, a huge water lily, floating down upon the bosom of the water, opens its pearly leaves and discloses a living child nestling amongst its petals.

Truly is this scene a triumph for Miss Keene, and, in order to protect herself in the enjoyment of the fruits of her labors, she has both copyrighted and patented this work of her hands and brain.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S FIRST LAW OFFICE, HOFFMAN'S ROW, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

When Abraham Lincoln first went to Springfield, nearly thirty years ago, he ran for the Legislature, was elected, and served several terms. In 1837 he opened a law office under the firm of Stuart & Lincoln, in Hoffman's Row. This house, which still stands, is a very humble edifice, and the step from thence to the White House is a stride which even Lincoln at that time but little dreamed of.

Abraham Lincoln's present Law Office, Fifth Street, States Square, Springfield, Ill.

Mr. Lincoln's present law office is situated in Fifth street, west side of State Square. He is in partnership with Mr. Herndon, a lawyer of considerable ability and reputation. We give a sketch of both offices, taken by our special artist. They present a contrast almost as wide as the last step in the career of their occupant from either the one or the other.

NEW YORK WITHOUT WATER.

On December 6 a large part of New York when it rose found itself without water. Those who had patent faucets in their rooms could not wash, and applications to their neighbors were returned with a negative. There had been previously a notification from the Croton Aqueduct Board, requesting citizens not waste water, in consequence of repairs. But it was not in consequence of repairs, but of an accident that the stoppage occurred. When the two thirty-six inch mains which led along Fifth avenue and fed the entire city were laid down, they were covered with heavy rocks instead of earth, owing to the neglect of the contractor. A small leak in the pipes near Sixty-fifth street caused the earth beneath to form a cavity, and the pressure above broke the pipes entirely apart. The rush of water was immense, tearing up the ground and making general havoc with the grading. It was discovered by a policeman, who at once gave the alarm to the proper authorities, but owing to some mismanagement many hours elapsed before the water was shut off. In due time gangs of men were set to work to reach the pipe, but it was long before the exact spot of the accident could be found and repaired.

In the City.

Old pumps and abandoned wells were brought into requisition. In every direction went men and women with pails and pots in search of water. Trains were formed near the very few available pumps in the city. Among the places chiefly patronized were the pumps in East Broadway, Cherry street, in First and Third streets. But the great supply came from Brooklyn, barrels being brought during the day from there, the contents meeting with a ready sale at a high price. The hotels, printing presses and other large establishments were supplied in this way. During the day the Twenty-third precinct gave notice that the stoppage of the water would not affect the city above Seventy-ninth street. The police were notified to be as prompt as possible in case of fire in the Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth districts. Steamboats were also informed that they could not obtain their supply of water from the city. The Union Ferry Company notified the Chief Engineer, Mr. Decker, that steam would be kept up in all their boats, and one kept in reserve at each ferry, to be used in case of fire. Inspector Carpenter was on duty all night to attend fire.

Nearly all the factories were obliged to suspend work, except those which had wells or their own tanks. Our own establishment was compelled to discontinue until water could be obtained from Brooklyn in carts. Great fear prevailed lest fires might take place, and in fact one soon burst out. As the place was a wholesale drug store, the destruction of the entire block seemed inevitable. The two largest main pipes being broken, the supply through the hydrants was very small indeed, scarcely enough to stiffen the hose while passing through. The arrangements of the Fire Department were so good that in a short time a heavy stream of water was brought from the river by means of the steam engines playing into the hand engines, and so on from one to another till it reached the fire. Two or more lines of engines were thus formed. What would have been the result had the fire been more central it is impossible to say, for the distance to the river would have been almost unattainable.

By dint of hard work the mass of rocks and earth was cleared away, when it was ascertained that two lengths of pipe were broken. These were replaced as promptly as possible, so that within twenty-four hours New York was again watered.

Great praise is due to the inhabitants of Brooklyn for their assistance at the time. It may be observed in conclusion, that both scientifically and practically this accident has taught several useful facts to our surveyors and engineers.

Our deputy sheriff, if we are to judge by the Express, have some very queer fish among them. One Farrell, who is now in Eldridge street jail for his misdeeds, while acting in the capacity of deputy sheriff, sold the goods of Mrs. Barkland, 15 Bond street, although they were already mortgaged to another person. A man named Brown was also arrested as his associate in the robbery. The City Hall wants a thorough clearing from first to last.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

By Park Benjamin.

'Tis Christmas Eve. I hear the chime
Of bells announce the holy time.
The air grows milder as they fling
Their soft, sweet sounds afar,
As if, borne on an angel's wing,
Came music from a star.

'Tis Christmas Eve. I look above
And see, in thought, the mission'd Dove
Descending from a silver cloud,
With glory round his form,
While sounds a Voice, not wild or loud—
The Voice that hushed the storm.

That Voice comes blended with the tone,
Which, half in mirth and half in moan,
A gleeful requiem sings for all,
Who, in this holy time,
Will heed that solemn spirit-call,
The bells' melodious chime.

Ring on, sweet bells! ye bring to earth
Remembrance of the Saviour's birth;
And with it dreams of love and home,
Of innocent, calm days,
When guarded childhood loved to roam
In virtue's pleasant ways.

Bells, bells—sweet bells! the long ago
Comes back while ye are chiming so.
I sit my mother's knee before,
I view her tearful eyes,
And hear her, as she says, "Adore
Thy Maker, good and wise!"

Ring on! Ye stir the soul of prayer
Thus floating through the dusky air;
Your music breathes a fond accord,
As in that night of old,
When first the heralds of the Lord
Emanuel's coming told.

CHANTICLEER.

A Thanksgiving Story of the Peabody Family.

By Cornelius Mathews.

(Continued from p. 77.)

They were invited to the table, but refusing, asked permission to sit at the fire, which being granted, they took their station on either side of the hearth. The younger staggered feebly to his seat, and kept his gaze closely fixed on the other.

"He had better take something," said old Sylvester, looking towards the young man and addressing the other. "Is your young friend ill?"
"With an ailment food cannot relieve, I fear," the man answered.
Turning slowly at this question, the young man answered,
"We may not prove fit company for such as you; and if so the event should prove, we will pass on and trouble you no farther. If every thread were dry as summer flax," he added, in a tone of deep feeling, "I, for one, am not fit to sit among honest people."

"You should not say so, my son," said old Sylvester; "let us hope that all men may on a day like this sit together, that, remembering God's many mercies to us all, in the preservation of our lives, in his blessed change of seasons, in hours of holy meditation allowed to us, every man in very gratitude to the Giver of all Good, for the one day in the year at least, may suspend all evil thoughts and be at peace with all his fellow-creatures."

The young man turned towards the company at the table, but not so far that his whole face could be seen.

"Have all who sit about you at that table," he asked, glancing slowly round, "performed the duty to which you refer, and purged their bosoms of unkindness towards their fellow-men? Is there none who grasps the widow's substance? who cherishes scorn and hatred of kindred? who judges harshly of the absent?"

"There was a movement in different members of the company, but old Sylvester hushed them with a look, and took upon himself the business of reply.

"It may be," said old Sylvester, "that some of us are dejected, for be it known to you that one of the children of this household is absent from among us for causes which may well disturb our thoughts."

"I have heard the story," the young man continued, "and if I know it aright, these are the truths of that history: There were two men, friends, once in this neighborhood, Mr. Barbary, the preacher, and your grandson, Eldridge Peabody. Something like a year ago the preacher suddenly disappeared from this region, and the report arose, and constantly spread, that he had fallen by the hand of his rival, that grandchild of yours. It began in a cloudy whisper, and grew, day by day, from hour to hour, till it overshadowed this whole region; and not the least of the darkness it caused was on this spot, where this ancient homestead stands, and where the young man had grown and lived from the hour of his birth. He saw coldness and avoidance on the highway; he was shunned from on Sabbath mornings and by children. But this was little and could be borne—the world was against him; but when he saw an aged face averted—he looked at old Sylvester steadily—

"and a mother's countenance sad and hostile."

"Sad—but not hostile," the widow murmured.

"Sorrowful and troubled, at least," the young man rejoined, "his life, for all of happiness, was at an end. He must cease to live, or he must restore the ancient sunshine which had lighted the windows of his home of his boyhood. He knew that his friend had not fallen by his hand; that he still lived, but in a far distant place, which none but a long and weary journey could reach."

"He should have declared as much," interposed the old patriarch.

"No, sir; his word would have been but as the frail leaf blown by from the autumn-bow; nothing but the living presence of his friend could silence the voice of the accuser. He rose up and departed, without counsel of any, trusting only in God and his own strength; he bore with him neither bag nor baggage, scrip nor scrippage—not even a change of raiment; but with a handful of fruit, and the humble provision which his good mother had furnished for the harvest-field, he set forth; day and night he journeyed on the track he knew his friend had taken to that far country, toiling in the fields to secure food and lodging for the night, and some scant aids to carry him from place to place—pushing on fast and far through the western country, in hunger and distress, passing by the very door of prosperous kinfolk, but not taking a moment to seek relief."

At this point Mrs. Peabody glanced at her husband.

"And so, by one stage and another hastening on, he reached that great metropolis in the south, the city of New Orleans; often, as hoped, on the very steps of his friend, but never overtaking him, with fortune at so low an ebb that there he was well-nigh wasted in strength, hunger-stricken and tattered in dress; driven to live in hovels till some chance restored him the lit e means to advance; so mean of person that his dearest friend, his nearest kin-man, even his old playfellow there, pointing to Mr. Tiffany Carrack, "who had written with him in the bayfield, who had sat with him in childish talk often and many a time by summer stream-sides, would have passed him by as one unknown."

The game which, in speaking this, he directed at Mr. Carrack, kindled on that young gentleman's countenance a ruby glow, so intense and fiery that it would seem as if it must have burned up the tawny tuts before their very eyes, like so much dry stubble. There was a glow of another kind in the captain's broad face, which shone like another sun, as he contemplated the young men, glancing from one to the other.

"The young man, bent on that purpose as on life itself," he continued, silencing his companion, who seemed eager to speak, with a motion of his finger, "through towns, over waters, upon deserts, still pursued his way; and, to be brief in a weary history, there, in the very heart of that great region of gold, among diggers and searchers, and men distracted in a thousand ways in that perilous hunt, to find his simple-hearted friend, the preacher, in an out-of-the-way wilderness among the mountains, exerting the living, comforting the sick, consoling the dying—and then, for the first time, he learned what his friend had carefully concealed before, the motive of his self-banishment to this distant country."

His companion would have spoken, but the young man hurrying on, allowed him not a word.

"You who know his history," he continued, addressing the company at the table, "know what calamity had come upon the household of Mr. Barbary, by the unlawful thirst for gold; that he held its love as the curse of curses; he thought if he could but once throw himself in its midst, where that passion raged the most, he would be doing his master's service most faithfully, more than in this quiet country place of peaceful households, but when he

learned the peril and the sore distress of his young friend, he tarried not a moment. To restore peace to one injured mind, he said; 'to bring back harmony to one household, is a dear and certain duty which will outweigh the value chances of the good I may do here.' The young man cherished but one wish; through storm and trial and distress of every name and hue, if he could but reach home on the day of Thanksgiving, and stand up there before his assembled kindred a vindicated man, he would be requited fully for all his toil. He took ship; in tempest, and with many risks of perishing far away unaided, in the middle of the wild sea."

The widowed mother could restrain herself no longer, but rushing forward, she removed the young man's hat from his brow, parted his locks, and cinging herself upon his neck, gave utterance to her feelings in the affecting language of Scripture, which she had listened to in the morning: "My son was dead, and is alive again—he was lost, and is found!"

Miriam timidly grasped his offered hand, and was silent. The company had risen from the table and gathered around.

"Now," said William Peabody, "I could believe—he glad to believe all this, if he had but brought Mr. Barbary with him."

The elder stranger cast back his coat, removed his hat, and standing forth, said, "I am here, and testify to the truth, in every word, of all my young friend has declared to you."

On this declaration the Peabodys, without an exception, hastened to welcome and address the returned Eldridge, and closed upon him in a solid group of affectionate acknowledgments. Old Sylvester stood looking loftily down over all from the outer edge of the circle, and while they were busiest in congratulations and well-wishes, he went forward.

"Stand back!" cried the old man, waving the company aside with outspread arms, and advancing with extended hand towards his grandson. "I have an atonement to render here, which I call you all to witness."

"I take your hand, grandfather," Eldridge interposed, "but not in acknowledgment of any wrong on your part. You have lived a hundred blameless years, and I am not the one this day to breathe a reproach for the first time on your spotless age."

Tears filled the old patriarch's eyes, and with a gentle hand he led his grandson silently to the table, to which the whole company returned, there being room for Mr. Barbary as well.

At this crisis of triumphant explanation, Mosey, who had, under one pretext and another, evaded the bringing in of the pie to the last moment, appeared at the kitchen-door, bearing before her, with that air of extraordinary importance peculiar to the negro countenance on eventful occasions, a huge brown dish, with which she advanced to the head of the table, and with an emphatic bump, answering to the pithy speech of warriors and statesmen at critical moments, deposited the great Thanksgiving pumpkin-pie. Looking proudly around, she simply said, "Here!"

It was the blossom and crown of Mosey's life the setting down and full delivery to the family of that, the greatest pumpkin-pie ever baked in that house, from the greatest pumpkin ever reared among the Peabodys in all her long backward recollection of past Thanksgivings; and her manner of setting it down was, in its most defiant form, a challenge and a challenge to all makers and bakers of pumpkin-pie, to all cutters and carvers, to all diners and eaters, to all friends and enemies of pumpkin-pie in the thirty or forty United States. The Brundages, too, might come and look at it if they had a mind to!

The Peabody family, familiar with the pie from earliest infancy, were struck dumb, and sat silent for the space of a minute, contemplating its greatness and beauty. Old Sylvester even, with his hundred years of pumpkin-pie experience, was staggered, and little Sam jumped up and clasped his hands in his old grandfather's arms, and struggled to stretch himself across, as if he would appropriate it, by actual possession, to himself. The joy of the Peabodys was complete, for the lost grandson had returned, and the Thanksgiving pie was a glorious one, and if it was the largest share that was allotted to the returned Eldridge, will any one complain? And yet at times a cloud came upon the young man's brow—when dinner was passed with pleasant family talk, questionings and experiences, as they sat about the old homestead hearth—which even the playful gambols of the children, who sported about him like so many friendly spirits, could not drive away. The heart of common Eldridge was not in their childish freaks and fancies, as it had been in other days. The shining solitude looking in at the windows seemed to call him without.

As though it had caught something of the general spirit that glowed within the house, the wind was laid without, and the night softened with the beauty of the rising moon. With a sadness on his brow which neither the old homes nor the pure heavens cast there, Eldridge went forth into the calm night, and sitting for a while by the road beneath an ancient locust tree, where he had often read his book in the summer-times of boyhood, he communed with himself. He was happy—what mortal man could be happier?—in all his wishes came to pass; his very dreams had taken life, and proved to be realities and friends, and yet a sadness he could not drive away followed his steps. Why was this? That moment, if his voice or any so forcible and subtle motion of his hand could have obtained it, he would have dismissed himself from home, and counsel to be a living partaker in the scene about him. Even then—for happy as he was, he dreaded, in prophetic fear, the chances which beset our mortal path. The weight of mortality was heavy upon the young man's spirit.

Thinking over all the way he had passed, oh! who could answer that he, with the thronging company of busy passions and desires, could ever hope to reach an old age and never go astray? Oh, blessed is he (he thought) who can lie down in death, can close his account with this world, having safely escaped the temptations, the crimes, the trials, which make of good men even, in moments of weakness and misjudgment, the idle speaker, the evil-doer, the slanderer, the coward, the busy assassin, and (oh, dreadful, perchance!) the seeming guilty murmur, or him! Strange thoughts for a prosaic and a lover's night, but earth is not heaven. With the sweet of anguish on his brow he bowed his head as one whose trouble was to come. Yet even then the thought of the sweet heaven over him, with all its glorious promises, came upon him, and as he lifted up his eyes from the earth, the moon sailing forth from the clouds, and flooding the region with silver light, disclosed a figure so gentle and delicate, and in its features so pure of all common passions, it seemed as if his troubled thoughts had summoned a spirit before him from the better world. As he stood regarding it in melancholy calmness, it extended towards him a hand.

"No, no," he said, declining the gentle salutation and retiring a pace, "touch me not, Miriam; I am not worthy of your pur companionhip. If you knew what passed and is passing in my breast you would loathe me as a leper."

She was silent, and dropped her eyes before him.

"Think not, my gentle mistress," he added presently, "my heart is changed towards you. The glow is only too bright and warm."

"If you love me not, Eldridge," she in expressed quickly, "fear not to say so, even now. I will bear the pang as best I can."

"You have suffered too much already," he rejoined, touched to the heart. "My long silence must have been as death to one so kind and gentle."

"I have suffered," was all she said. "One word from you in your long absence would have made me happy."

"It would, I know it would, and yet I could not speak it," Eldridge replied. "When, with a bright upon my name, I left those halls," pointing to the old homestead standing in shadow of the autumn trees, "I vowed to know them no more, that my step could never cross their threshold, that my voice should never be heard again in those ancient chambers, that no being of all that household should have a word from these lips or hands till I could come back a vindicated man; that I would perish in distant land, and find a quiet grave among strangers, far from mother and her loved, and that I would come back with my lost friend, in his living form, to avouch and testify my truth and innocence."

"And had you no thought of me in that cruel absence, dear Eldridge?" asked Miriam.

"Oh you!" he echoed, now taking her hand, "of you! When in all these my wanderings, in weary nights, in lonely days, on seas and deserts far away, sore of foot and sick at heart, making my couch beneath the stars, in the tents of savage men, in a shadow of steeples that knew not of my holy faith, was it not my religion and my only solace that one like you thought of me as I left, and though all the world abandoned and dis-trusted the wanderer, there was one star in the distant horizon which yet shone true, and trembled with a hopeful light upon my path!"

"Are we not each others now?" she whispered softly, as she lay her gentle head upon his bosom; "and if we have erred, and repent but truly, will not He forgive us?"

As she lifted up her innocent face to heaven, did not those gentle tears which fell unheeded by mortal ear, from those fair eyes, drop in hearing of Him who hears and acknowledges the faintest sound of true affection, through all the boundless universe, musically as the chime of holy Sabbath bells?

"You are my dear wife," he answered, folding her close to his heart, "and if you forgive and still cherish me, happy am I still to be yours; and a though no formal voice has yet called us one, by all that's sacred in the stillness of the night, and by every honest beating of this heart, dear Miriam, you are mine, to watch, to tend, to love, to reverence, in sickness, in sorrow, in care, in joy; by all that belongs of gaiety to youth, in manhood and in age, we will have the home, one couch, one fireside, one grave, one God, and one hereafter."

An old familiar instrument, swept as he well knew by his mother's fingers, sounded at that moment from the homestead, and hand in hand, blending their steps, they returned to the Thanksgiving household within.

CHAPTER X.—THE CONCLUSION.

When Eldridge and Miriam reentered the homestead, they found the best parlor, which they had left in humble dependence on the light of a single home-made wick, now in full glow, and wide awake in every corner, with a perfect illumination of lamps and candles; and every thing in the room had waked up with them. The old brass andirons stood shining like a couple of bar-headed tit le grandfathers by the hearth; the letters in the sampler over the mantel, narrating the ages of the family, had renewed their color; the tall old clock, allowed to speak again, stood like an overgrown schoolboy with his face newly washed, stretching himself up in a crane; the painted robins and partridges on the wall, now in full feather, strutting and flying about in all the glory of an unfading plumage; and at the rear of all, the huge back-log on the hearth glowed and rolled in his place as happy as an alderman at a city feast. The Peabodys, too, partook of the new illumination, and were there in their best looks, scattered about the room in cheerful groups, while in the midst of all the widow Margaret, her face lighted with a smile which came there from far-off years, holding in her hand, as we see an angel in the sunny clouds in old pictures, the ancient harpsichord, which till now had been laid away out of use for many a long day of sadness.

While Eldridge and Miriam stood still in wonder at the sudden change of th.

living pageant, old Sylvester, his white head carried proudly aloft, appeared from the sitting-room with Mr. Barbary, a stout figure, fresh now of his long coat, and bearing the traces of travel on his face and face of cheerful gravity. Leaving the preacher in the centre of the apartment, the patriarch advanced quietly towards the young people, and addressing himself to Elbridge, said, "My children, I have a favor to ask of you."

"Anything, grandfather?" Elbridge answered promptly.
"You are sure?" old Sylvester's eyes twinkled as he spoke.
"It would be the pleasure and glory of my young days," Elbridge answered again, "to crown your noble old age, grandfather, with any worthy wreath that hands could fashion, and not call it a favor either."

Old Sylvester, smiling from ear to ear, said, "You are to be married immediately."

The young couple fell back and dropped each the other's hand, which they had been holding. Miriam trembled and shrank the farthest away.
"You will not deny me?" the grandfather said again. "You are the youngest, and the last whom I can hope to see joined in that bond which is to continue our name and race; it is my last request on earth."

At these simple words, turning, and with a fond regard which spoke all their thoughts, Miriam and Elbridge took again each the other's hand, and drew close side to side. The company rose, and Mr. Barbary was on the point of speaking, when there emerged upon the family scene, from an inner chamber, as though he had been a foreigner entering a fashionable drawing-room, Mr. Tiffany Carrack, in the bloom of full dress; his hair in glossy curl, with white neckcloth and waistcoat of the latest cut and fit, coat and pants of the purest model, pumps and silk stockings; bearing in his hand a gemmer pocket-handkerchief, which he shook caustically as he advanced, and filled the room with a strange fragrance. With mincing step, just dotting the ground, his whole body shaking like a delicate structure in danger every moment of tumbling to the ground, he advanced to where Miriam and Elbridge stood before Mr. Barbary.

"Why, really, upon my life and honor, Miriam, you are looking quite charming this evening."

"She should look so now, if ever, Tiffany," said old Sylvester, "for she is just about to be married to your cousin Elbridge."

"No, you don't mean that?" said Mr. Tiffany, touching the tawny tufts tenderly with his perfumed pocket-handkerchief. "Oh, woman! woman! what is your name?" He hesitated for a reply.

"Purly!" suggested Mr. Oliver Peabody.

"Yes, that's it. Have I lived to look on this?" Mr. Tiffany continued: "to have my young hopes blighted, the rose of my existence cropped, and all that? Is it for this?" addressing Miriam directly—he had been talking before to the air, "is it for this I went blackberrying with you in my tender infancy? Is it for this that in the heyday of youth I walked with you to the school-house down the road? Was it for this, that in the prime of manhood I breathed soft music in your ear at the witching time of night?"

As he arrived at this last question, Mopsy, in her new gown of gorgeous pattern, and having laid aside her customary broad-bordered cap, with a high-crowned turban of red and yellow cotton handkerchief on her head, appeared at the parlor door. Mr. Tiffany paused; he saw the Moorish princess before him; rallying, however, he was proceeding to describe himself as a friendly troubadour, whose affection had been returned to, when the captain, placing his mouth to his ear, as in confidence, uttered, in a portentous whisper, "the vat."

Mr. Tiffany immediately lost all joint and strength, subsided into a chair at a distance, and from that moment looked upon the scene like one in a trance.

"At all," said Mr. Oliver, glancing at him, "I don't see just now that, in any point of view, this young gentleman is destined to carry the principles of free government—anywhere."

The family being now all gathered, Mr. Barbary proceeded, employing a simple and impressive form in the use of his familiar history: "You, the bridegroom, and the bride, who now present yourselves candidates of the covenant of God and of your marriage before him, in token of your consenting affections and united heart, please to give your hands to one another."

"Mr. Bridegroom, the person whom you now take by the hand, you receive to be your married wife; you promise to love her, to honor her, to support her, and in all things to treat her as you are now, or shall hereafter be convinced by the laws of Christ made your duty—a tender husband, with unspotted fidelity till death shall separate you."

"Mrs. Bride, the person whom you now hold by the hand you accept to be your married husband; you promise to love him, to honor him, to submit to him, and in all things to treat him as you are now, or shall hereafter be convinced by the laws of Christ made your duty—an affectionate wife, with inviolable loyalty till death shall separate you."

"This solemn covenant you make, and in this sacred oath bind your souls in the presence of the Great God, and before these witnesses."
"I then declare you to be husband and wife, regularly married according to the laws of God and the Commonwealth; therefore, what God hath thus joined together let no man put asunder."

When these words had been solemnly spoken, the widow Margaret struck her ancient harp and sang in an old familiar tune of plaintive tenderness, and the young bridegroom, holding Miriam's hand in an affectionate clasp, answered the music with a little hymn or carol, often used before among the Peabodys on a like occasion:

"Entreat me not—I never will leave thee,
N'er loose this hand in bower or hall;
This heart, this heart shall never deceive thee,
This voice shall answer ever to thy call."

To which Miriam, after a brief pause of hesitation, in that tone of chanting lament familiar to her, answered:

"Thy God is mine, wherever thou rovest,
Who'er thou art, I will love thee till I dwell;
In the same grave shall we both lie,
Lie down with him she loves so well."

Like a cheerful voice answering to these, and withing, out of the mysterious darkness of night, all happiness and prosperity to the young couple, the silver call of Chanticleer arose without, renewed and renewed again, as if he could never tire of announcing the happy union to all the country round.

And now enjoyment was at its height among the Peabodys, helped by Plenty, who, with Mopsy for chief assistant, hurried in with plates of shining silver, baskets of nuts, brown jugs of now cold or home-made vintage. Mrs. Carrack, who had selected the simplest garment in her wardrobe, moving about in and of black Mopsy, tendering refreshment to her old father first, and Mrs. Jane Peabody insisting on being allowed to distribute the walnuts with her own hand.

The children, never at rest for a moment, frisked to and fro like so many merry dolphins, sporting in the unaccustomed candlelight, to which they were commonly strangers. They were listened to in their child-like prattle kindly by every one, indulged in all their foolish ways, as if the grown-up Peabodys, for this night at least, believed that they were indeed little citizens of the Kingdom of Heaven straying about this wicked world on parole. Uncle Oliver, once more spreading his Declaration of Independence handkerchief on his knees, attempted to put them to the question as to their learning. They all recognized Dr. Franklin, with his spectacles thrown upon his brow, among the signers, but, denying all knowledge of anything more, ran away to the captain, who was busy building a dozen at a time, paper jacket-ships, and launching them upon the table for a sea.

In the very midst of the mirthful hubbub old Sylvester called Robert and William to his side, and was heard to whisper,

"Bring 'em in!"
William and Robert were gone a moment and returned, bearing, under heavy heads, two bundles and pitching on one side constantly, two ancient spinning-wheels. Mopsy following with snowy flocks of wool and spinning-ribbons. Old Sylvester arose, and delivering stick and floss to Mrs. Carrack and Mrs. Jane Peabody, requested them, in a mild voice, and as a matter of course already settled, "to begin." A spinning-match!

"Yes; anything you choose to night, father."

Rolling back their sleeves, adjusting their gowns, the wheels being planted on either side of the fireplace, Mrs. Jane and Mrs. Carrack, stick in hand, seized each on her allotment of wool and sent the wheels whirling. It was a cheerful sight to see the two matrons closing in upon the wheel, retiring, closing in again. Whose wheel is swiftest, whose thread truest? Now Mrs. Jane—now Mrs. Carrack. If either, Mrs. Carrack puts the most heart in her work.

"Now she looks like my Nancy," said old Sylvester, in a glow, "as when she used to spin and sing in the old upper chamber."

Away they go. Whose thread is swiftest, whose thread the truest now? While swift and free the contest wages, the parlor door—standing open, and beyond that the door of the sitting-room, look down the long perspective. Do you not see in the twilight of the kitchen fire a dark head lighting up, as in flashes, with a glittering row of teeth, with a violent agitation of the body, with gusty gasps and fragments of an uproarious chant flying through the door, something to this effect:

"Oh, de fies ladies, how dey do spin—spin—spin,
Like de gals long ago—long ago!
I bet to der one don't win—win—win,
Kase de damoni flowers on her fingers grow.
Lay down your white gloves, take up de wool,
Round about de whirly wheel go;
Back'ard and for'ard nimbly foot pull,
Like de nice gals long—long ago!"

Silence follows, in which nothing is observable from that quarter more than a great pair of white eyes rolling about in the partial darkness. Who was other than pleased that, in spite of Mopsy's decision, old Sylvester determined that it should be Mrs. Carrack's work was done a little sooner, and that her thread was a little truest?

During the contest, the old merchant and his wife had conversed, closely apart—the green shade had lost his terrors, and he could look on it steadily now; and as the close, William Peabody, approaching the fireplace, drew from his bosom the old parchment deed, which in his hunger for money had so often disgusted his wife to the household, and thrust it into the very heart of the flame, which soon shriveled it up, and, conveying it out at the chimney, before the night was past spread it in peaceful ashes over the very grounds which it had so long disgraced.

"So much for that!" said the old merchant, as the last flake vanished.

"And now, nephew," he returned himself to Elbridge, "fulfilling an engagement contracted with your father, I resign to you all charge of your father's property."

"Did you bring anything with you from the Gold Egoon?" Mrs. Carrack interposed.
"Not one cent, aunt," Elbridge answered promptly.
"You may add, William," pursued Mrs. Carrack, "the sums of mine you have in hand."

William Peabody was pausing on this proposition, the sums in question being at that very moment embarked in a most profitable speculation.

Upon the very height of the festivity, when it glowed the brightest and was most musical with mirthful voices, there had come to the casement a moaning sound as if borne upon the wind from a distance—a wailing of anguish, at the same time like and unlike that of human suffering. By slow advances it approached nearer and nearer to the homestead, and whenever it arose it brought the family enjoyment to a momentary pause. It had drawn so near that it could now be seen, as if in mournful lamentation, at the very door, when Mopsy, her dark face almost white, and her brow wrinkled with anxiety, rushed in.

"Grandfather," she said, addressing old Sylvester, "blind Sorrel's dying in the door-yard."

There was not one in that company when the announcement did not cause to start. Led by old Sylvester, they hastily arose, and, conducted by Mopsy, followed to the scene. Blind Sorrel was lying by the moss-grown horse-trough at the gate.

"I noticed her through the day," said Oliver, "wandering up the lane as if she were seeking the house."

"The death agony must have been upon her then," said William Peabody, shading his eyes with his hand.

"She remembered, perhaps, her young days," old Sylvester added, "when she used to crop the door-yard grass."

Mopsy, in her solitude to have the deathbed of poor blind Sorrel properly attended, had brought with her in the event of the paling or obscuration of the moon, a dark lantern which she held tenderly aside, as though the poor old creature still possessed her sight; immovable herself as though she had been a swarthy image in stone, while on the other side, William Peabody, near her head, stood gazing upon the animal with a fixed intensity, breathing hard and watching her dying struggle with a rigid steadiness of feature almost painful to behold.

"Has carried me to mill many a day," he said, "some pleasant hours of my life spent upon her back, snatching along at early day."

"Your mother rode her to meeting," Sylvester addressed his second son, "on your wedding-day, Oliver. Sorrel was of a long-lived race."

"She was the gentlest horse-creature you ever owned, father," added Mrs. Carrack, turning affectionately towards old Sylvester, "and humored us girls when we rode her as though she had been a blood relation."

"I'm not sure of that," Mr. Tiffany Carrack rejoined, "for she has dumped me in a ditch more than once."

"That was your own careless riding, Tiffany," said the captain. "I don't believe she had the least ill-will towards any living creature, man or beast."

"She observed that when ever William Peabody spoke, blind Sorrel turned her feeble head in that direction, as if she recognized and singled out his voice from all the others."

"She knows your voice, father, even in her darkness," said the captain, "as the sailor tells his old captain's step on deck at night."

"Well, she may, Charles," the merchant replied, "for she was foaled the same day I was born."

"The old creature moaned and heaved her side fainter and fainter."

"Speak to her, William," said the old grandfather.

William Peabody bent down, and in a tremulous voice said, "Sorrel, do you know me?"

The poor blind creature lifted up her aged head feebly towards him, heaved her weary side, gasped once and was gone. The moon, which had been shining with a pale light upon the group of faces, dipped at that moment behind the orchard trees, and at the same instant the light in the lantern flickering feebly, was extinguished.

"What do you mean by putting the light out, Mopsy?" old Sylvester asked.

"I know de old lamp would be 'goin' out, mas-a, soon as ever blind Sorrel die; I tremble so I do! no what I'm sayin'!" It was poor Mopsy's agitation which had shaken out the light.

"Never shall we know a more faithful servant, a truer friend than poor blind Sorrel!" they all agreed, and bound still closer together by so simple a bond as common sympathy in the death of the poor old blind family horse, they returned within the homestead.

They were scarcely seated again when William Peabody, turning to Mrs. Carrack, said, "Certainly," referring to the transfer of the money of hers in his hands to Elbridge, "he will need some ready money to begin the world with."

All was cheerful friendship now; the family reconciled in all its members, sitting about their aged father's hearth on this glorious Thanksgiving night; the joy of mood subsiding, a sudden stillness fell upon the whole house, such as precedes some new turn in the discourse.

Old Sylvester Peabody sat in the centre of the family, moving his body to and fro gently, and lifting his white head up and down upon his breast; his whole look and manner strongly arresting the attention of all—the children not the least. After a while the old man paused, and looking mildly about, addressed the household.

"This is a happy day, my children," he said, "but the seeds of it were sown, you must allow an old man to say, long ago. If one good being had not sown in a far country and a very distant time, we could not have this comfort now."

The children watched the old grandfather more closely.

"I am an old man, and shall be with you, I feel, for a little while yet, as one who stands at the gate of the world to come, looking through and through which he is soon to pass, will you not allow me to believe that I thought of the hopes of your immortal spirits in your youth?"

As being the eldest, and answering for the rest, William Peabody replied, "We will."

"But I don't teach you then, or strive my best to teach, that there was but one God?"

"You did, father, you did!" the widow Margaret answered.

"That his only Son died for us?"

"Often, often!" said Mrs. Carrack.

"That we must love one another as brethren?"

"At morning and night, in winter and summer—by the hearth and in the field, you did," Oliver rejoined.

"That there is but one path to happiness and peace here and hereafter," he continued, "through the performance of our duty towards our Maker, and our fellow-men of every name, and tongue, and clime, and color; to love your dear native land as she is happy among the nations, but to remember this, our natural home, is but the ground-nest and cradle from which we spread our wings to fly through all the earth with hope and kindly wishes for all men. If the air is cheerful here and the sunlight pleasant, let no barrier or wall shut it in, but pray God, with reverent hope, it spread hence to the farthest lands and seas, till all the people of the earth are lighted up and made glad in the common fellowship of our blessed Saviour, who is, and will be evermore to all men—guide, protector and ensample. May He be so to us and ours, to our beloved home and happy fatherland, in all the time to come!"

The old man bowed his head in presence of his reconciled household, and fell into a sweet slumber. Not one of all that company but echoed the old man's prayer—"May He be so to us and ours, to our beloved home and happy fatherland in all the time to come!"

On this, on every day of Thanksgiving and Praise be that old man's blessed prayer in all quarters, among all classes and kindred, everywhere repeated. "May He be so to us and ours, to our beloved home and happy fatherland in all the time to come!"

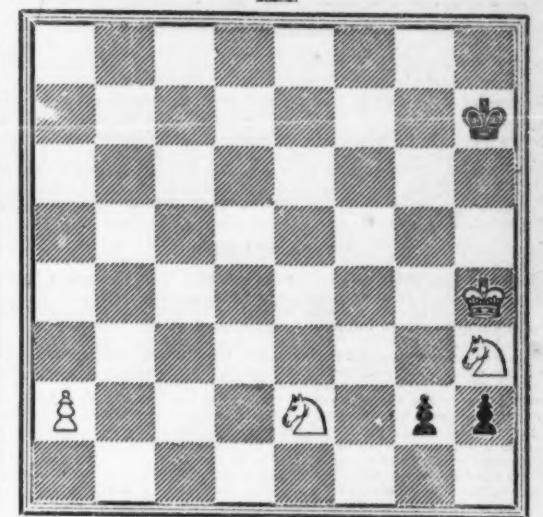
And when, like that good old man, we come to bow our heads at the close of a long, long life, may we, like him, fall into a gentle sleep, conscious that we have done the work of charity, and spread about our path, wherever it lead, peace and good will among men.

THE END.

GARIBOLDI ON THE POPE.—On the 30th of October Garibaldi made a short address to the people of Naples, in response to calls from those in the street who knew him to be in a house near by. He said, among other things: "Before fighting against the enemy outside, you have internal enemies to beat down, and I will tell you that the chief of them is the Pope. If I have acquired any merit with you, I have acquired that of telling you the truth frankly and without a veil. In using this privilege I tell you that your chief enemy is the Pope. I am a Christian as you are; yes, I am of that religion which has broken the bonds of slavery and has proclaimed the freedom of men; the Pope who oppresses his subjects and is an enemy of Italian independence is no Christian; he denies the very principle of Christianity—he is the Antichrist. This truth you must spread among all those who are near to you, for it is only when all Italians shall be thoroughly convinced of this truth that Italy will be really free and united."

NOVEL SPANISH TRICK.—A local journal relates the following impudent robbery in a church at Seville: "A lady went to the altar in order to receive the sacrament, and knelt down beside a woman who was there apparently for the same purpose. While waiting her turn the lady fancied she felt a hand in her pocket, and accordingly looked at her neighbor, but perceiving that this latter was, to all appearance, praying most fervently with her hands crossed on her breast, she reproached herself for her suspicion. But when, on leaving the altar, she put her hand into her pocket, she found that her purse, containing twenty-five duros (25s.) was gone. She in consequence pointed out the suspected person to a police officer, who at once arrested her, and found the stolen purse in her possession, and also made the discovery that the woman had two well-made wax arms crossed on her breast in the attitude of devotion, in order that she might be able, without exciting suspicion, to employ a pair of real flesh and blood in exercises anything but devout."

CHES.
PROBLEM NO. 276.—By E. KNEB.
BLACK.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.—ROBERTER. End game received with thanks. It will soon be in the attention.—P. B. CHERRY. Some of your positions, we think, have been already published. The others are too simple.—G. K. CARPENTER. We must say the same to you as to P. B. C.—JOSEPH. Problem in five moves we believe to be sound and pretty good.—J. CAUFFMAN. Problem sound.—PHILIP. N. Y. Cannot say where the book may be procured. "Stanton's Hand-Book" is the best.

MATCH BETWEEN HORWITZ AND KOLISCH.
SECOND GAME.

WHITE. Mr. H.	BLACK. Mr. K.	WHITE. Mr. H.	BLACK. Mr. K.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	16 Q to Q 5 (ch)	K to R 4
2 Kt to K 3	Kt to Q 3	17 Q to K 3	R to K 3
3 B to Q 3	Kt to R 3	18 Q to Q 3	Q to K 3
4 Castles	R to K 4	19 K to K 4	R to K 3
5 Kt to Q 3	P to Q 3	20 Q to Q 3	R to K 4
6 P to Q 4	P to K 3	21 Q to K 3	K to K 4
7 Kt to P 3	R to Q 3	22 R to K 3	K to K 4
8 P to K 3	Kt to K 3	23 Q to K 3	Q to Q 3
9 B to B (ch)	Q to K 3	24 P to K 4	Q to Q 3
10 Q to K 3	Castles (K R)	25 P to K 3	Q to K 3
11 K to K 3	P to Q 3	26 R to K 3	P to K 3
12 Q to Q 3	Kt to K 3	27 Q to K 3	R to K 3
13 R to K 4	P to K 3	28 Q to K 3	R to K 3
14 Q to Q 3	K to K 4	29 Q to K 4	R to K 3
15 R to K 3	P to K 4	30 P to K 3	R to K 3

Mr. Kolisch resigns.

WHITE. Mr. H.	BLACK. Mr. K.	WHITE. Mr. H.	BLACK. Mr. K.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	17 B to K 3	P to K 4
2 Kt to K 3	Kt to K 3	18 Kt to K 3	R to K 3
3 Kt to K 3	P to Q 3	19 B to K 3	R to K 3
4 Kt to K 3	Kt to P 3	20 Kt to K 3	Q to K 3
5 P to Q 3	P to Q 3	21 B to K 3	R to K 3
6 Q to K 3	Kt to K 3	22 Q to K 3	R to K 3
7 P to Q 3	B to K 3	23 Q to K 3	Q to K 3
8 Q to K 3	P to Q 3	24 Q to K 3	Q to K 3
9 Kt to K 3	Kt to Q 3	25 Q to K 3	Q to K 3
10 Kt to K 3	Q to K 3	26 Q to K 3	Q to K 3
11 Castles	Castles (Q R)	27 B to K 3	R to K 3
12 B to K 3	Q to K 3	28 Q to K 3	R to K 3
13 Q to Q 3	Kt to K 3	29 Q to K 3	R to K 3
14 P to Q 3	Kt to K 3	30 P to K 3	R to K 3
15 P to K 3	Kt to K 3	31 K to K 3	R to K 3
16 Kt to K 3	P to K 3	32 P to K 3	R to K 3

Mr. Kolisch wins.

LAST.—Mr. Kolisch won his match. Final score: Mr. Kolisch, 3; Mr. Horwitz, 1. Drawn, 6.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.
PROBLEM No. 274.—B to Q 3; B to K 3, mate.
PROBLEM No. 275.—B to K 3 (ch); R to K 3 (ch); R to K 3 (ch); Kt to K 3, mate.

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.
Edited by Michael Phelan.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.
JEWELLER BILLIARDS.—As a rule of play, it is not lost for a beginner "to play carefully," and of two or more different modes of playing which may appear on the table, to choose that which is most sure of making?

Ans.—Your question is one which cannot be positively answered, as other circumstances would modify the answer. But the following may be adopted as a general rule of play: Where two strokes present themselves, one a simple one which, when made, would leave the balls in a position where even an expert would find it difficult to count; the other, less easy of execution, but which, if executed, would leave the balls in a position favorable for a run, it is judicious to play to attempt the more difficult stroke, in view of the prospective advantages likely to result from it. As we have said, however, no positive rule can be laid down, as the probabilities, the extent of the risk in each individual case, can only be appreciated by correct judgment on the part of the player himself.

J. E. M.—We have neither time nor inclination to correct the mistakes of such parties.

A. V. New York City.—The shot is unquestionably fair. We cannot imagine why it should be disputed.

M. M. Sandusky, Ohio.—It is one of the cases provided for in the rules as set down in the "Game of Billiards."

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

NEW AND TRUE.—These who played billiards six years ago can appreciate the change which has come over the game to which they have remained faithful through good and evil report. They find the billiard-table, formerly estranged, greeting them now in the houses of their friends, where formerly billiards was scarcely to be spoken of. We say nothing of the vast improvement, in all the machinery of the game, which has so enhanced the pleasure of the player, and so increased the interest of the spectators.

The most ill-fated man will shrink from spilling on a Brussels carpet. The player also finds his favorite resort the point of reunion for the most refined classes in our city, and has the satisfaction of being surrounded by gentlemen, among whom may be found those who are distinguished in our city in all the learned and artistic professions.

M. Berger's exhibitions tested the popularity of billiards among our most respectable classes. The character of the spectators on those occasions and the high price of admission decided it. Even for the opera one dollar is looked upon as a high price, which puts refined modes of enjoyment beyond the reach of many. Yet, night after night, M. Berger's billiard-table was crowded with spectators at a dollar and on more than one occasion numbers had to be refused admittance. Ladies belonging to the highest circles witnessed M. Berger's skill with delight, and graced by their presence the match between Mr. Phelan and the winner of the late tournament, Mr. Kavanagh.

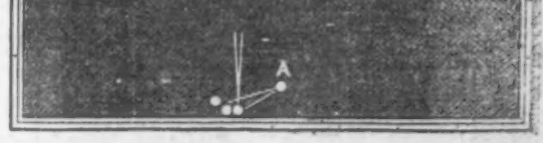
The press, so long comparatively neglectful of a really national game—we except, of course, the far-sighted few who have been ahead of their fellows—has at last given it that full and complete recognition which is due to its importance it has acquired in the public mind as a means of elevating and innocent amusement.

NOTICE TO ALL PROMINENT BILLIARD PLAYERS.—In consequence of the marked success which attended the late impromptu billiard tournament and the public interest which it excited, it has been decided to inaugurate an annual series of grand national billiard tournaments, the first of which will take place in the city of New York about the first week in June of the coming year. It will be open to all prominent billiard players.

The prizes will be highly valuable objects, one of them being a first-class, highly-ornamented and finished billiard-table, worth at least \$500, manufactured by Messrs. Phelan & Collender, and presented by them. The other prizes will be decided upon at a future time, and will be of proportionate value.

The game will be played on the prize table, which, in the interest of true billiard play, will be a cushion table. Six of the balls to be played with, 55 inches in diameter. Prominent players, desirous of entering their names as contestants at the tournament, should signify their intention of doing so previous to the 1st of May next. It will be necessary for them to be in this city five or six days before the opening day.

We make this announcement this early, that those desirous of engaging in the tournament may have an opportunity of going into practice, and thus derive the average excellence of first-class play. In consequence of the general satisfaction expressed with the arrangement of the late tournament, the Annual National Tournament will be conducted on the same general plan; but suggestions from prominent players, intending to take part in it, are requested, and will meet with due consideration.



Made by Mr. Phelan in the complimentary game with Mr. Kavanagh after the tournament. Notice that one ball is in contact with middle ball and against the cushion. Only way to offset a count and leave a good break was by playing by a mass on the white ball at A and forcing back on that we risk.

CHANTICLEER.

A Thanksgiving Story of the Peabody Family.

By Cornelius Matthews.

CHAPTER VII.—THE THANKSGIVING SERMON.

The morning of the day of Thanksgiving came calm, clear and beautiful. A stillness, as of Heaven and not of earth, ruled the wide landscape. The Indian summer, which had been as a gentle mist or veil upon the beauty of the time, had gone away a little—retired, as it were, into the hills and back country, to allow the undimmed heaven to shine down upon the happy festival of families and nations. The cattle stood in the fields without a low; the trees were quiet as in friendly recognition of the spirit of the hour; no reaper's hook or mower's scythe glanced in the meadow, no rumbling wain was on the road. The birds alone, as being more nearly akin to the feeling of the scene, warbled in the boughs.

But out of the silent gloom of the mist there sprang, as by magic, a lovely illumination which lit the country far and wide, as with a thousand varicolored lamps. As a maiden who has tarried in her chamber some hour the least expected appears before us, appalled in all the pomp and hue of brilliant beauty, the fair country, flushed with innumerable tints of the changed autumn-trees, glided forth upon the Indian summer scene, and taught that when kindly Nature seems all foregone and spent she can rise from her couch fresher and more radiant than in her very prime.

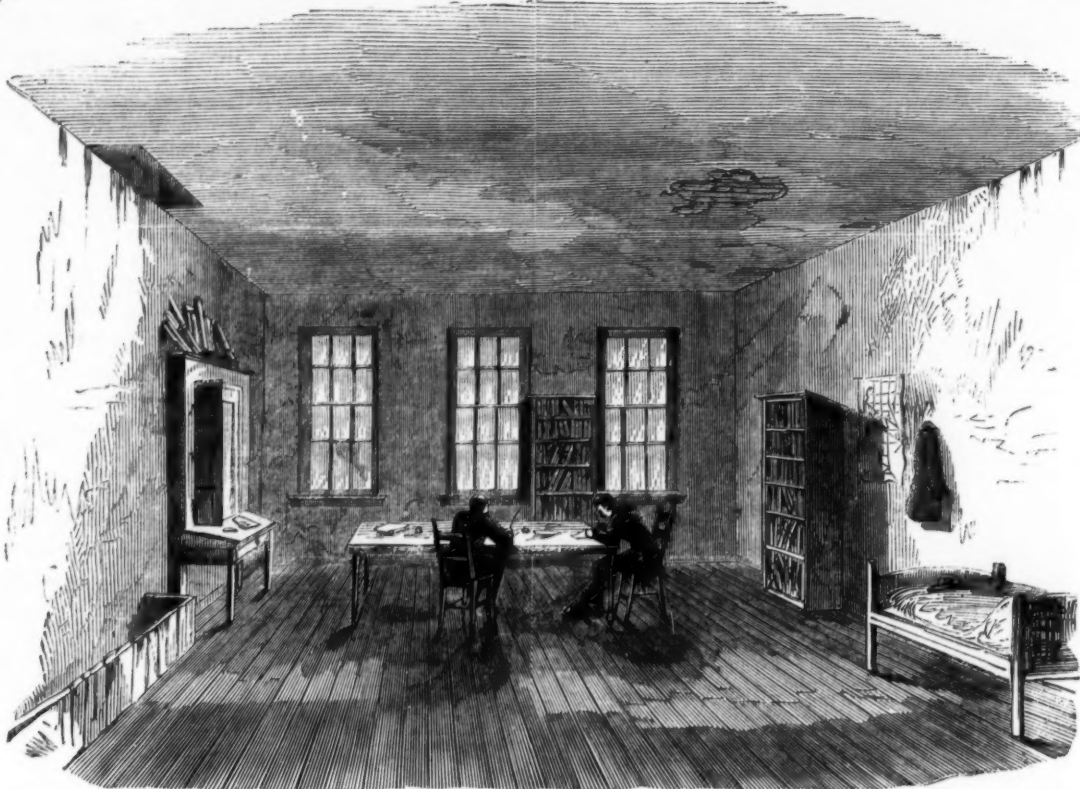
What wonder if with the peep of dawn the children leaped from bed, eager to have on their new clothes reserved for the day, and by times appeared before old Sylvester in proud array of little hats, new brightened shoes and shining locks, open new, as though they had just come from the mint, anxious to have his grandfatherly approval of their comeliness? Shortly after, the boys caught in the distant pastures, the captain and Farmer Oliver having charge of them, were brought in and tied under the trees in the door-yard.

Then, breakfast being early dispatched, there was a mighty running to and fro of the grown people through the house, dresses hurried from old closets, presses and closets, a loud demand on every hand for pins, of which there seemed to be (as there always is on such occasions) a great lack. The horses were put to Mrs. Carrack's coach, the captain's gig, the old house-wagon, with breathless expectation on the part of the children; and in brief, after bustling preparation and incessant summoning of one member of the family and another from the different parts of the house, all being at last ready and in their seats, the Peabodys set forth for the Thanksgiving sermon at the country meeting-house, a couple of miles away.

The captain took the lead with his wife, and Peabody Junior somewhere and somehow between them, followed by the wagon with old Sylvester, still proud of his dexterity as a driver; Oliver, much pleased with the popular character of the conveyance, and wife, with young Robert; William Peabody and wife; little Sam riding between his grandfather's legs in front, and allowed to hold the end of the reins. Slowly, and in great state, after all, rolled Mrs. Carrack's coach with herself and son within, and footman and coachman without.

Chanticleer, too, clear of eye and bright of wing, walked the garden wall, carried his head up, and acted as if he had also put on his Thanksgiving suit and expected to take the road presently, accompany the family, and join his voice with theirs at the little meeting-house.

Although the captain, with his high-arched white horse, kept out of eye-shot ahead, it was Mrs. Carrack's fine carriage that had the triumph of the road to itself; for as it rolled glittering on, the simple country people, belated



THE FIRST LAW OFFICE RENTED IN 1827 BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN, PRESIDENT ELECT, IN HOFFMAN'S ROW THIRD DIVISION, UP-STAIRS, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—SEE PAGE 74.

and devotional observances, down to the present time. Our fathers covenanted, in the love of Christ, to cleave together as brethren, however hard the brunt of fortune might be. That bond still continues. We may not live (he went on, in the very spirit and letter of the first Thanksgiving discourse ever delivered amongst us), as retired hermits, each in our cell apart, nor inquire, like David, how liveth such a man? How is he clad? How is he fed? He is my brother, we are in league together, we must stand and fall by one another. Is his labor harder than mine? Surely I will ease him. Hath he no bed to lie on? I have two. I will lend him one. Hath he no apparel? I have two suits—I will give him one of them. Hath he coarse food, bread and water, and have I better? Surely we will part it. He is as good a man as I, and we are bound each to the other; so that his wants must be my wants; his sorrows my sorrows; his sickness my sickness, and his welfare my welfare; for I am as he is: such a sweet sympathy were excellent, comfortable, nay, heavenly, and is the only maker and conservator of churches and commonwealths."

To such as looked upon old Sylvester there seemed a glow and halo about his aged brow and whitened locks, for this was the very spirit of his life. As though he knew the very secrets of their souls, and touched their very heartstrings with a gentle hand, the preacher glanced from one member of the Peabody household to another, as he proceeded, something in this manner. (For William Peabody.) Do I find on this holy day that I love God in all his glorious universe, more than the image even of Liberty, which hath ensnared and enslaved the soul of many a man on the coin of this world? (For Buxton Mrs. Jane, in her vandyke.) Do I stifle the vanity of good looks and comfortable circumstances under a plain garb? (For the jovial captain.) Am I not over-hasty in pursuit of carnal enjoyment? (For Mr. Oliver, who was wiping his brow with the Declaration of Independence.) And eager over-much for the good opinion of men, when I should be quietly serving them without report? (For Mrs. Carrack and her son.) And what are pomp and fashion but the painted signs of good living where there is no life? These (he continued) are all outward, more pretences to put off our duty and the care of our souls. Yes, we may have churches, schools, hospitals abounding—but these are mere lath and mortar if we have not also within our own hearts a Church where the pure worship ever goeth on, a school where the true knowledge is taught, a hospital the door whereof standeth constantly open, into which our fellow-creatures as a welcomed, and where their infirmities are first cared for with all kindness and tenderness. If these be our inclinations this way, let us be reasonably thankful on this Thanksgiving morning. Let such as are in health be thankful for their good case; and such as are out of health be thankful that they are no worse. Let such as are rich be thankful for their wealth (if it hath been honestly come by); and let such as are poor be thankful that they have no such charge upon their souls. Let old folks be thankful for their wisdom in knowing that young folks are fools; and let young ones be thankful that they may live to see the time when they may use the same privilege. Let lean folks be thankful for their spare ribs; which are not a burden in the harvest-field: fat folks may laugh at lean ones, and grow fatter every day. Let married folks be thankful for blessings both little and great; let bachelors and old maids be thankful for the privilege of kissing other folks' babies, and great good may it do them.

With a glow of mutual friendship the quaint preacher was warning the plain old meeting-house on that Thanksgiving day.

Finally, and to conclude—he went on in the language of a chronicler of the time—Let no man look upon a turkey to-day, and say, "This also is vanity." What is the life of man without creature-comforts, and the stomach of the son of man with no aid from the kitchen? Despite not the day of small things while there are pullets on the spit, and let every fowl have fair play between the jaws of thy philosophy.

Are not puddings made to be sliced, and pie-crust to be broken? Go thy ways then, according to good sense, good cheer, good appetite, the Governor's proclamation and every other good thing under the sun; render thanks for all the good things of this life, and good cookery among the rest; eat, drink and be merry; make not a lean laudation of the bounties of Providence, but let a lively gusto follow a long grace. Feast thankfully, and feast hopefully; feast in good-will to all mankind, Grahamsites included; feast in the full and joyous persuasion, that while the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, dinner-time, pudding-time and supper-time are not likely to go out of fashion; feast with exulting confidence in the continuance of cocks, chickens and orthodox expounders of Scripture and the constitution in our ancient, blessed and fat-sided commonwealth—feast, in short, like a good Christian, proving all things, relishing all things, hoping all things, expecting all things and enjoying all things. Let a good stomach for dinner go hand in hand with a good mind for sound doctrine. Let us all be thankful that a gracious Providence hath furnished each and all with a wholesome and beautiful dinner this day; and if there be none so furnished let him now make it known, and we will instantly contribute thereto of our separate abundance. There are none who murmur; we all, therefore, have a Thanksgiving dinner waiting for us; let us be home cheerily, and in a becoming spirit of mirth and devotion partake thereof.

The windows of the little meeting-house were up to let in the pleasant sunshine,

and the very horses who were within hearing of his voice, seemed, by the pricking up of their brown ears, to relish and approve of his discourse. The captain's city nag, as wide awake as any, seemed to address himself to an acquaintance of a heavy bay plougher who stood at the same post, and laying their heads together for the better part of the sermon, they appeared to regard it, as far as they caught its meaning, as sound doctrine, particularly acknowledging that this was as fine a Thanksgiving morning as they—who had been old friends and had spent their youth together, being in some way related, in a farmhouse in that neighborhood—had ever known; and when they had said as much as this, they laughed out in very merriness of spirit with a great window, as the happy audience came streaming forth at the meeting-house door. There were no cold, haughty or distrustful faces now as when they had entered in an hour ago, the genial air of the little meeting-house had melted away all frosts of that kind, and as they mingled under the sober autumn trees, loitering for conversation, inquiring after neighbors, old folks whose infirmities kept them at home, the young children, they seemed, indeed, much more a company of brethren embarked—as sailors say—on a common bottom for happiness and enjoyment. The children were the first to set out for home through the fields on foot; Peabody the younger, little Sam and Robert being attended by the footman in livery, whom Mrs. Carrack relieved from attendance at the rear of the coach.

If the quaint preacher had urged the rational enjoyment of the Thanksgiving cheer from the pulpit, Mopsey labored with equal zeal at home to have it worthy of enjoyment. At an early hour she had cleared decks and taken possession of the kitchen, kindling with dawn a great fire in the oven for the pies and another on the hearth for the turkey. But it was from the oven, heaping it to the top with fresh relays of dry wood, that she expected the Thanksgiving angel to walk in all his beauty and majesty. In performance of her duty, and from a sense only that there could be no Thanksgiving without a turkey, she planted the tin oven on the hearth, spitted the gobbler, and from time to time, merely as a matter of absolute necessity, gave it a turn; but about the mouth of the great oven she hovered constantly like a spirit; had her head in and out at the opening every other minute; and when at last the pies were slid in upon the warm bottom, she lingered there regarding the change they were undergoing, with the fond admiration with which a connoisseur in sunsets hangs upon the changing colors of the evening sky. The leisure this devious duty allowed her was employed by Mopsey in scaring away the poultry and idle young chickens which rushed in at the back entrance of the kitchen in swarms, and hopped with yellow legs about the floor with the racket of constant falling showers of corn. Upon the half-door opening on the front, the red rooster had mounted, and with his head on one side, observed with a knowing eye all that went forward: showing, perhaps, most interest in the turning of the spit, the impalement of the turkey thereon having been with him an object of special consideration.

The highly colored picture of Warren at Bunker Hill, writhing in his death-agony on one wall of the kitchen, and General Marion floating from a potato in his tent on the other, did not in the least attract the attention of Mopsey. She saw nothing on the whole horizon of the glowing apartment but the pies and the turkey, and even for the moment neglected to puzzle herself, as she was accustomed to in the pauses of her daily labors, with the wonders and mysteries of an ancient dog-eared spelling-book which lay upon the smoky mantel.

Meanwhile, in obedience to the spirit of the day, the widow Margaret and Miriam, having each diligently disposed of their separate charge in the preparations, making a church of the homestead, conducted a worship in their own simple way. Opposite to each other in the little sitting-room, Miriam opened the old Family Bible, and at the widow Margaret's request, read from that chapter which gives the story of the prodigal son. It was with a clear and sensitive voice that she read, but not without a struggle with herself. Where the story told that the young man had gone into a far country, that he had wasted his substance in riotous living, that he was abased to the feeding of swine, that he craved in his hunger the very husks, that he lamented the plenty of his father's house, a cloud came upon her countenance, and the simplest eye could have interpreted the thoughts that troubled her. And how the fair young face brightened when she read that the young man resolved to arise and return to the house of his father; the dear encounter; the rejoicing over his return, and the glad proclamation, "This, my son, was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found."

"If he would come back even so," said the widow when the book was closed, "in sorrow, in poverty, in crime even, I would thank God and be grateful."

"He is not guilty, mother," Miriam pleaded, casting her head upon the widow's bosom and clinging close about her neck.

"I will not think that he is," Margaret answered, lifting up her head.

"Guilty or innocent, he is my son—my son!" Claspings the young orphan's



MOPSEY BRINGING IN THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

in their own preparations, or tarrying at home to provide the dinner, ran to the windows in wonder and admiration. The plain wagon, bent in the same direction, turned out of the path and gave the great coach the better half of the way, starting a broadside as it passed.

And when the party reached the little meeting-house, what a peace hung about it! The air seemed softer, the sunshine brighter there, as it stood in dumb silence among the tall trees which waved with a gentle murmur before its windows. The people, as they arrived, glided noiselessly in, in their neat dresses and look of decent devotion; others, as they came, made fast their horses under the sheds and trees about—most of them in wagons and plain chairs, brightened into all of beauty they were capable of by a severe attention to the harness and mountings; others—these were a few bachelors and girls—glided in quietly on horseback. Before service a few of the old farmers lingered outside discussing the late crops or inquiring after each other's families, who presently went within, summoning from the grassy churchyard—which lay next to the meeting-house—the children who were loitering there reading the gravestones.

When the captain arrived with his gig, under such extraordinary headway that he was near driving across the graveyard into the next county—the country people scampered aside like scared fowl; Mrs. Carrack's great coach, with its liveried outriders, set them staring as if they did not or could not believe their own eyes. With the arrival of old Sylvester they regathered, and almost in a body proffered their aid to hold the horses—to help the old patriarch to the ground—as a word, to show their regard and affection in every way in their power. He tarried but a moment at the door, to speak a word with one or two of the oldest of his neighbors, and passed to, followed by all of his family save Mrs. Carrack and her son, who, under color of hunting up the grave of some old relation, delay in order to make their appearance in the meeting-house by themselves, and independently of the Peabody connection.

"Will you pardon me, reader, if I fail to tell you whether this house of worship was of the Methodist, Episcopal or Baptist creed? Whether it had a chancel or altar, or painted windows? Whether the pews had doors to them, and were cushioned or not? Whether the minister wore a gown and bands, or a suit of black, or was undistinguished in his dress? Will it not suffice if I tell you, as the very belief of my soul, that it was a Christ an house, that there were seats for all, that things were well intended and decently ordered, and that with a hymn sung with such purity of heart that its praises naturally fused in with the chiming of the trees and the carols of the birds without, and it ended on without a stop to Heaven, when a meek man rose up.

"Some two hundred years ago, our ancestors (he said), finding themselves more comfortable in the wilderness of the New World than they could have reasonably looked for, set apart a day of Thanksgiving to Almighty God for His manifold mercies. That day, God be praised, has been steadily observed throughout this happy land by cheerful gatherings of families, and other



THE THANKSGIVING DINNER AND THE HAPPY MEETING.

hand, after a pause of tender silence, she gave utterance to her feelings in a Thanksgiving hymn. These were the words:

Father! protect the wanderer on his way;
Bright be for him thy stars and calm thy seas—
Thanksgiving live upon his lips to-day,
And in his heart the good man's summer ease

Almighty! Thou canst bring the pilgrim back,
With a clear brow to this his childish home;
Guide him, dear Father, o'er a blameless track,
No more to stray from us, no more to roam.

At this moment a tumult of children's voices was heard in the door-yard, and as the widow turned, young William Peabody was seen struggling with Robert and little Sam, who were holding him back with all their force. As he dragged them forward, being their elder and superior in strength, Peabody junior stretched his throat and called towards the house—"I've seen him—I've seen him!"

"Who have you seen?" asked the widow, rising and approaching the door. "Mr. Barbary!" When Peabody junior made this answer, the widow advanced with a gleam on her countenance, and gently releasing him, said, "Come, William, and tell us all about it."

"Aunt Margaret," said Robert, thrusting himself between, "don't listen to a word he has to say. I'll tell you all about it. You see we were coming home from meeting, and little Sam got tired, and William and I made a cradle of our hands and were carrying him along very nice."

"Not so very nice, either," Peabody junior interposed, "for I was plaguy tired."

"That's what I was going to tell you, Aunt Margaret. Bill did get tired, and as we came through the Locust Wood, he made believe to see something, and ran away to get clear of carrying little Sam any farther."

"I did see him!" said Peabody junior, firmly.

"Where was he?" the widow asked.

"Behind the hazel bush, with his head just looking out at the top, all turned white as a dead folk do."

Mopsey was in immediately with her dark head crying out, "Don't believe a word of it."

"I guess you saw nothing but the hazel bush, William," said the widow.

"That was it, aunt, it was the hazel bush with a great mop of moss on it," Robert added.

Miriam sat looking on and listening, pale and trembling.

"It your cousin Elbridge and Mr. Barbary should ever come back," said the widow, addressing Peabody junior, "you would be sorry for what you have said, William."

"So he would, aunt," echoed Robert.

Mopsey was in again from the kitchen; this time she advanced several steps from the door-sill into the room, lifted up both her arms and addressed the assembled company.

"One thing I know," said Mopsey, "dere's a big pie baking in dat ere oven, and if Mas'r Elbridge don't eat dat pie, it'll haf to sour, dat I know."

"What is it, Mopsey," asked Margaret, "that gives you such a faith in my son?"



DURING THE CROTON WATER EXCITEMENT, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6.

Our Artist arrived at a propitious moment, when the solemn fact was revealed, that let the pumper pump ever so lustily water was not to be had. The dismay of the crowd was almost indescribable.



DURING THE CROTON WATER EXCITEMENT, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6.

Here there was considerable emulation as to who should have precedence in the pumping arrangements. This point of etiquette brought two of the fair daughters of Erin into collision. They exchanged a good deal of hair and some scratches, and at one time a general muss was anticipated, but at the sight of a policeman the belligerent parties flew to the pump and cooled their angry passions.

"I tell you what it is, missus," Mopsey answered promptly, "dast tankin' when I tumbled down on dis ere self same floor bringin' in de turkey, everybody laugh but Mas'r Elbridge, and he come from his place and pick me up. He murder anybody! I'll eat de whole tankin' dinner myself if he touch a hair of de old preachin' head to hurt it." Suddenly changing her tone, she added, "Dey're comin' from meetin'. I hear de old wagon."

CHAPTER VIII.—THE DINNER.

As the Peabodys approached the homestead, the smoke of the kitchen chimney was visible, circling upward and winding about in the sunshine as though it had been a delicate corkscrew uncorking a great bottle or square old flask of a delicious vintage. The captain averred a quarter of a mile away, the moment they had come upon the brow of the hill, that he had a distinct savor of the fragrance of the turkey, and that it was quite as refreshing as the first odor of the land breeze coming in from sea, and he snuffed it up with a zeal and relish which gave the giant an eager appetite for dinner. The captain's conjecture was strongly confirmed in the appearance of Mopsey, darting, with a dark face of dewy radiance, at the woodpile, and shuffling back with bustling speed to the kitchen with a handful of delicate splinters. "She's giving him the last turn," said the captain.

The shadow of the little meeting-house was still over the captain, even so far away, for he conducted the procession homeward at a pace much less furious than that with which he had advanced in the morning; and Mrs. Carrack, too, observed now, with a strange pleasure, what she had given no heed to before when the fine coach was rolling in triumph along the road—birds twittering in the sunny air by the wayside, and cattle roving, like figures in a beautiful picture, upon the slopes of the distant hills. Oliver, the politician, more than once had out the great cotton pocket-handkerchief, and holding it spread before him, contemplating the fatherly signers, was evidently acquiring some new lights on the subject of independence.

A change, in fine of some sort or other, had passed over every member of the Peabody family save old Sylvester—returning as going, calm, plain-spoken, straightforward and patriarchal. When they reached the gate of the homestead, William Peabody gave his hand to his wife, and helped her, with some show of attention, to alight; and then there could be no doubt that it was, in very truth, Thanksgiving day, for the glory of the door-yard itself had faded and disappeared in the gorgeous festal light. There was no majestic gobbler in the door-yard now, with his great outspread tail, which in the proud moments of his life he would have expanded as it to shut the very light of the sun from all meaner creatures of the mansion.

Within doors there was that bustling preparation, with brief hails of ominous silence, which precede and usher a great event. The widow Margaret, with noiseless step, glided to and fro, Miriam daintily hovering in the suburbs of the sitting-room, which is evidently the grand centre of interest; and Mopsey toils like a swart goblin in her laboratory of the kitchen, in a high glow, scowling fearfully if addressed with a word which calls her attention for a moment away from her critical labors.

As the family entered the homestead on their return, the combined forces were just at the point of pitching their tent on the ground of the forthcoming engagement, in the shape of the ancient four-legged and wide-leaved table, with a cover of snowy whiteness, ornamented as with shields and weapons of quaint device, in the old plates of pewter, and the horn-handled knives and forks burnished to such a polish as to make the little room fairly glitter. Dishes steamed in, one after the other, in a long and rapid procession, piles of home-made bread, basins of apple-sauce, pickles, potatoes of vast proportion and mealy beauty. When the ancient and lordly pitcher of blue and white (whether freighted with new cider or old cold water need not be told) crowned the board, the first stage of preparation was complete and another portentous pause ensued. The whole Peabody connection, arranged in stately silence in the front parlor, looked on through the open door in wonder and expectation of what was to follow. The children loitered about the doorways with watering eyes and open mouths, like so many innocent little dragons lying in wait to rush in upon an opportune moment and bear off their prey.

And now, all at once, there comes a deeper hush—a still more portentous pause—all eyes are in the direction of the kitchen; the children are hanging



THE HOUSE NO. 22 TWELFTH STREET, NEAR FIFTH AVENUE, WHERE MRS. SCHANCK WAS BRUTALLY MURDERED, ON FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 7, 1860.—SEE PAGE 72.

forward, with their bodies and outstretched necks half way in at the door; Miriam and the widow stand breathless and statue-like at either side of the room; when, as if rising out of some mysterious cave in the very ground, a dark figure is discerned in the distance, about the centre of the kitchen (into which Mopsey has made, to secure an impressive effect, a grand circuit), head erect, and bearing before it a huge platter. All their eyes tell them, every sense vividly reports, what it is the platter supports—she advances with slow and solemn step; she has crossed the sill; she has entered the sitting-room; and with a full sense of her awful responsibility, Mopsey delivers on the table, in a cleared place left for its careful deposit, the Thanksgiving turkey.

There is no need now to sound a gong, or to ring an alarm bell to make known to that household that dinner is ready; the brown turkey speaks a summons as with the voice of a thousand living goblins, and Sylvester rising, the whole Peabody family flock in. To every one his place is considerably assigned, the captain in the centre directly opposite the turkey, Mrs. Carrack on the other side, the widow at one end, old Sylvester at the head. The children, too, a special exception being made in their favor to-day, are allowed seats with the grown folks, little Sam disposing himself in great comfort in his old grandfather's arms.

Another hush—for everything to-day moves on through these constantly shut and opened gates of silence—in which they all sit tranquil and speechless, when the old patriarch lifts up his aged hands over the board and repeats his customary grace:

"May we all be Christian people the day we die—God bless us."

The captain, the great knife and fork in hand, was ready to advance.

"Stop a moment, Charley," old Sylvester spoke up, "give us a moment to contemplate the turkey."

"I would there were just such a dish, grandfather," the captain rejoined, "on every table in the land this day; and if I had my way there would be."

"No, no, Charley," the grandfather answered, "if there should be there would be. There is One who is wiser than you or I."

"It would make the man who would do it," Oliver suggested, "immensely popular; he might get to be elected President of the United States."

"It would cost a large sum," remarked William Peabody, the merchant.

"Let us leave off considering imaginary turkeys, and discuss the one before us," said old Sylvester; "but I must first put a question, and if it is answered with satisfaction we'll proceed. Now tell me," he said, addressing himself to Mr. Carrack, who sat in a sort of dream, as if he had lost his identity, as he had ever since the night adventure in the fez cap and red silk cloak—"Now tell me, Tiffany, although you have doubtless seen a great many grand things, such as the Alps, and St. Peter's church at Rome, has your eye fallen in with anything, wherever you travelled over the world, grander than that Thanksgiving turkey?"

Mr. Carrack, either from excessive modesty or total abstraction, hesitated, looked about him hastily, and not till the captain called across the table, "Why don't you speak, my boy?" and then, as if suddenly coming to, and realizing where he was, answered at last, with great deliberation, "It is a fine bird."

"Enough said," spoke up old Sylvester cheerfully; "you were the last Peabody I expected to acknowledge the merits of the turkey," and, looking towards the captain with encouragement, added, "now, knife and fork, do your duty."

It was short work the jovial captain made with the prize turkey; in rapid succession plates were forwarded, heaped, sent around; and with a keen relish of the Thanksgiving dinner, every head was busy. Straight on, as people who have an allotted task before them, the Peabodys moved through the dinner—a powerful, steady going caravan of cheerful travellers, over hill, over dale, up the valleys, along the stream side, cropping their way like a timble-tattooed flock of grazing sheep, keenly enjoying herbage and beverage by the way.

What though, while they were at the height of its enjoyment, a sudden storm, at that changeable season, arose without, and dashed its heavy drops against the doors and window-panes; that only, by the contrast of security and festive comfort, heightened the zest within, while they were engaged with the many good dishes at least, but when another pause came, did not the pelting shower and the chiding wind talk with them, each one in turn, of the absent, and oh! some there will not believe it—the lost? It was no doubt some thought of this kind that prompted old Sylvester to speak:

"My children," said the patriarch, glancing with a calm eye around the circle of glowing faces at the table, "you are bound together with good cheer and in comfortable circumstances; and even as you, who are here from east and west, from the north and the south, by each one yielding a little of his individual whim or inclination, can thus sit together prosperously and in peace at one board, so can our glorious family of friendly States, on this and every other day, join hands, and like happy children in the fields, lead a far-lengthening dance of festive peace among the mountains and among the valleys, from the soft-glimmering east far on to the bright and ruddy west. If others still seek to join in—"

"Ay, father," said Oliver, "there is great danger."

"Even as by making a little way," answered the patriarch, "we could find room at this table for one, or two, or three more, so may another State and still another join us, if it will; and even as our natural progeny increase to the third, fourth, tenth generation, let us trust for centuries to come this happy Union shall live to lead her sons to peace, prosperity and rightful glory."

"But," interposed Oliver, the politician, again, with a double reference in his thoughts, it would almost seem, to an erring State or an absent child, "one may break away in wilfulness or crime—what then?"

"Let us lure it back," was old Sylvester's reply, "with gentle appeals. Remember we are all brethren, and that our alliance is one not merely of worldly interest, but also of family affection. Let us, on this hallowed day," he added, "cherish none but kindly thoughts towards all our kindred, and if him we have least esteemed offer the hand, let us take it in brotherly regard."

There was a pause of silence once again, which was broken by a knock at the door. Old Sylvester, having spoken his mind, had fallen into a reverie, and the Peabodys glancing one to the other, the question arose, shall the strangers (Mopsey reported them to be two), whoever they may be, be admitted?

"This is strictly a family festival," it was suggested, "where no strangers can be rightly allowed."

"May be thieves!" the merchant added.

"Vagabonds perhaps!" Mrs. Carrack suggested.

"Strangers, anyhow!" said Mrs. Jane Peabody.

The widow Margaret and Miriam were silent, and gave utterance to no opinion.

In the midst of the discussion, old Sylvester suddenly awakening, and rearing his white locks aloft, in the voice of a trumpet of silver sound, cried out, "If they be human, let 'em in!"

As he delivered this emphatic order there was a deep moan at the door, as of one in great pain, or suffering keenly from anguish of spirit; and when it was opened to admit the new comers, the voice of Chanticleer, raised for the second time, broke in, clear and shrilly, from the outer darkness.

CHAPTER IX.—THE NEW COMERS.

It was old Sylvester himself who opened the door and admitted the strangers. One of them, the younger, wore a slouched hat, which did not allow his features to be distinctly observed, further than that his eyes were bright with a strange lustre, and that his face was deadly pale. He was partly supported by the elder man, whose person was clad in a long coat, reaching nearly to the ground.

(Continued on page 74.)

Miscellaneous.

THE AMALGAMATION OF LANGUAGES.—There is a growing tendency in this age to appropriate the most expressive words of other languages, and after a while to incorporate them into our own; thus the word Cephalic, which is from the Greek, signifying "for the head," is now becoming popularized in connection with Mr. Spalding's great Headache remedy, but it will soon be used in a more general way, and the word Cephalic will become as common as Electrotypes and many others whose distinction as foreign words has been worn away by common usage until they seem "native and to the manor born."

'Ardly Realized.

His 'ard 'n' terrible headache this afternoon, hand I stepped into the apothecary's, hand says hi to 'e man, "Can you brace me of an 'ardache?" "Does it bache 'ard?" says 'e. "Hexceedingly," says hi, hand upon that 'e gave me a Cephalic Pill, hand 'pon me 'onor it cured me so quick that I 'ardly realized I 'ad 'ad an 'ardache.

HEADACHE is the favorite sign by which nature makes known any deviation whatever from the natural state of the brain, and viewed in this light it may be looked on as a safeguard intended to give notice of disease which might otherwise escape attention till too late to be remedied, and its indications should never be neglected. Headaches may be classified under two names, viz: Symptomatic and Idiopathic. Symptomatic Headache is exceedingly common and is the precursor of a great variety of diseases, among which are Apoplexy, Gout, Rheumatism and all febrile diseases. In its nervous form it is sympathetic of disease of the stomach constituting sick headache, of hepatic disease constituting bilious headache, of worms, constipation and other disorders of the bowels, as well as renal and uterine affections. Diseases of the heart are very frequently attended with Headaches. Anemia and plethoria are also affections which frequently occasion headache. Idiopathic Headache is also very common, being usually distinguished by the name of nervous headache, sometimes coming on and only in a state of apparently sound health and prostrating at once the mental and physical energies, and in other instances it comes on slowly, heralded by depression of spirits or acerbity of temper. In most instances the pain is in the front of the head, over one or both eyes, and sometimes provoking vomiting; under this class may also be named Neuralgia.

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BURGESS.—You must mean Spalding's Cephalic Pills. **BRIDGET.**—Oh I sure now and you've sed it; here's the quarter and gave me the Pills, and don't be all day about it aither.

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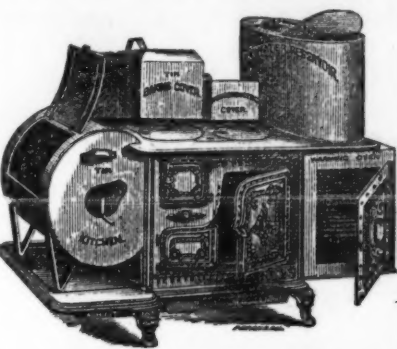
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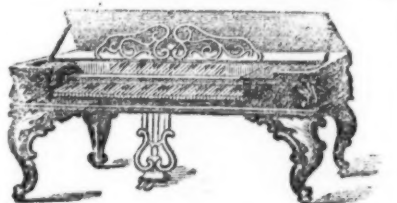
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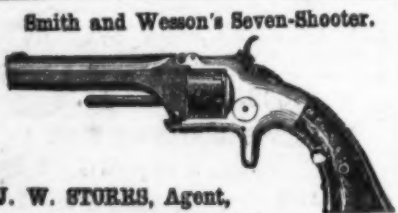
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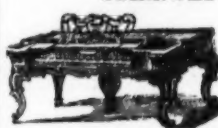
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